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THE FRENCH CHAMBERS AND ITALY.

IMPORTANT as are the resolutions to which the French Government has come as to its future position towards Italy, they sink into insignificance beside the overwhelming importance of the mode in which these resolutions were arrived at. The EMPEROR, for the first time in his reign, has been governed, not the governor. The policy which he has undertaken to carry out is not his policy, but the policy of the Chamber and of M. THIERS. He has registered the decrees of those who a little time ago seemed only to exist by his sufferance, and to have no other feeling but a humble gratitude for their existence. His Ministers have been taught what to say, not by him, but by the leader of a Parliamentary majority. The EMPEROR was inclined to temporize, as usual; to halt between two policies; to be civil to the POPE, but also to be civil to Italy; to play with the priests, but also to play with the democrats. This shifting, vague policy, leaving him in fancy or reality the master of the situation, has been decisively ended by the Chamber. He has been told, in language as plain as language can be, that his policy is all nonsense; that he does not know how to manage the foreign affairs of France; that his notion of being the mysterious, solemn, presiding genius of Europe is ridiculous; and that he must entirely alter his whole manner of going on. He is to state exactly what he is purposing to do—must find out what the Chamber thinks of it, and carry out honestly, scrupulously, and exactly what the Chamber wishes. He is, in fact, very much in the position of one of the numerous Chairmen of English railways who, in these recent days of tribulation, have been brought to task by indignant shareholders. They will no longer stand a system of extravagant branch lines, of scheming with this Company and against that, of wasting endless money and time in concocting schemes to which the Chairman and a few favoured officials alone are privy. They are willing that, for the moment at least, he should go on being Chairman, but he is to hold office under their guidance and supervision, and everything he does is to be properly revealed, audited, and scrutinized. This is a wonderful change for LOUIS NAPOLEON; and what to him must be the most mortifying part of it is that it has been brought upon him, not only by the rising spirit of liberty in France, which he has always been aware he must encounter, but by the conviction that has gradually worked itself into the minds of his people, that he is in a large measure a failure, and that he has not the nerve or the sagacity to lead them rightly. Twice in a single sitting he was made to bow to the dictation of the Chamber. M. DE MOUSTIER expounded his policy in terms as cautious as vague, and as capable of a double meaning as any which he himself could have used. Neither the friends of Rome nor those of ITALY could say that he was committed definitely for or against them. But this would not at all do for the Chamber. Led, animated, and overpowered by M. THIERS, who with wonderful adroitness appealed to the weak side of each class of his supporters, they first forced M. ROUHER to declare explicitly that Italy should never have Rome, and then, pushing him much further, they extorted from him a declaration that Rome shall be taken to mean the whole existing territory of the POPE.

This, then, is the present most extraordinary position of France towards Italy. France—not the EMPEROR only, but France, speaking through the only public body she has got—has given the POPE a positive and perpetual guarantee of every inch of all the land he now holds. There is no stipulation about reforms, no bargaining for good government in return for protection. Whatever he and his successors may do, however much they may oppose themselves to modern ideas, however striking may be the contrast between the manner in which they govern their subjects and that in which the citizens of neighbouring States, and of France herself, are governed, there they are to be, for all time, under the guarantee

of France. And this guarantee is to be no empty, theoretical guarantee. It is to be supported in perpetuity by the presence of French troops. The occupation may, as M. JULES FAVRE says, cost four millions sterling a year; but, in spite of its cost, it is to be maintained. So long as any one threatens—not only in acts, but in words or theory—the integrity of the temporal power up to its present limits, the French flag is to fly in the Pontifical territory. The Government began by suggesting that, when Italy had shown she had come to her senses, she might be again trusted to guard the POPE. But the Chamber would not hear of this. If Italy wants the French to go, she must pay for having what she wishes. She must solemnly declare that she has nothing more to do with Rome than she has with Corsica. She must abandon all claim to regard the Romans as Italians, or to treat Rome as an Italian city, or to object to any number of foreigners being, at the pleasure of the POPE, stationed in the very heart of her own country. Certainly, if she would do this, the French troops might go away, or just a few be left for garrison purposes, and there would be no reason why the French fleet should visit Civita Vecchia oftener than it visits Ajaccio. Rome, and the whole Pontifical territory, will be, under this system, to all intents and purposes a French province. And what if Italy will not consent to abandon her claim, and the Roman question is still supposed at Florence to be a question? Why, then, Italy must look out for herself. No overt act for the destruction of her unity is to be taken, because, as the Government orators said, the unity of Italy is the work of France, and France cannot endure to see her work undone; or because, as M. THIERS very frankly said, Italy is allied with Prussia, and Prussia would most certainly intervene if the defence of the POPE were turned into open aggression on Italy. But the danger of a French army in her centre is to be always at her door. According to the lively and effective image of M. THIERS, France will not run her sword into Italy; but, if she plants the hilt of her sword in the POPE's territory, Italy very probably will throw herself on the blade. At any rate the Chamber was able to congratulate itself on having got something explicit. The French occupation of the Papal territory is to be perpetual, and is to be so managed that it will be like a sword in the midst of Italy on which the Italians may be expected to throw themselves in their desperation. Nothing plainer than this can be conceived, and scarcely anything less like the end at which the policy of the EMPEROR has been aimed. An open contest between Italy and France has been proclaimed, and the Chamber rang with applause when it was said that for the future the thoughts of France must be turned to Austria as the Power that lies in the midst between the two adversaries of France.

As it is the Chamber, not the EMPEROR, that is thus brought face to face with Italy, it would be very interesting to know the motives which have impelled it to adopt so very decisive a position. That the clerical party has had much to do with it, no one can doubt; and it is as little to be doubted that its influence in the main rests upon the honest, sincere belief, entertained by a large portion of the educated as well as of the uneducated classes of French society, that Catholicism is true, and that to do what the POPE wishes is a religious duty. There are many persons, both in France and in England, to whom the truth is unwelcome—but it is, we believe, a truth—that Catholicism is gaining strength in France. If we look at home we may easily believe this, although everything that has to do with religion in England assumes a milder shape, because, in a country with a tolerably learned clergy closely connected with the State, there never can be that separation between the religious and the irreligious public which obtains in Ultramontane as well as ultra-Protestant countries. But even here we see that religious bodies have a kind of weight and force of their own from their mere organization, and that the habits of organization, and the determination to

have an outlet for fervour, are far too strong for the checks which intellectual truth can impose. Much more is this the case in France, where the priests really constitute a militant force, and where the neutral religious atmosphere and sober uncertainty of a large part of the governing class of England are not possible. The priests fight for the temporal power as for a symbol of their authority, and an object which they have agreed to think absolutely indispensable to their Church, and the recent vote of the Chamber ought to be set down clearly as a clerical victory. But it was not only a clerical victory. It was also meant as an assertion of a particular line of secular policy. To be at the head of a system of religious propagandism is a source at once of credit and of strength to a great nation; at least this is the opinion of M. THIERS, and apparently of a large section of the Chamber who profess not to be very fond of the Pope and the priests. England sends her missionaries all over the world, said M. THIERS, and Russia enforces the doctrines of the Greek Church throughout her vast dominions with increasing severity; so France, too, must put on her peacock's feather, and be the champion of a creed. Further, there was in the Chamber a burning wish to have its say out against Italy, to reproach her for all her ingratitude to France, to taunt her with coquetting with Prussia, and to let her know that she cannot trifle with the strong Power that has got her in its grasp. And, lastly, there was the weariness of indecision, the longing to have done, at all costs, with the two-faced shilly-shally policy of the EMPEROR, and to proclaim to France and the world that there still were Frenchmen left who had a will, and who knew what they meant and wished. Undoubtedly the internal and external position of the Second Empire has been greatly changed by all this, and the positive guarantee of the Papal territory to which the EMPEROR has now been committed alters his whole relations to Rome and Italy. Still it may be remarked that the action of the Chamber in this instance has been in some degree sudden and spasmodic, and no one can say how long it will dare to persist in its present attitude. If the energy it has shown is dangerous to Italy, it is still more dangerous to the EMPEROR, and the power of the EMPEROR is not extinguished yet. Besides, the Chamber is not France. It omits to represent one whole side of French thought and life, for the democratic element finds scarcely any place in it. If the present storm blows over, the action of France may possibly not be quite so decided as the Chamber has now resolved it shall be; but, for the immediate future, it is difficult to exaggerate the gravity of the situation in which France has placed Italy and herself by the triumph of M. THIERS.

AMERICA.

THE Republican party in Congress has shown itself wiser than the PRESIDENT by refusing to accept the wanton challenge offered in his Message. In rejecting, by a large majority, the motion for impeachment which had been sanctioned by the Judiciary Committee, Congress has deprived Mr. JOHNSON of a legitimate ground of complaint, and it has at the same time exposed the absurdity of his accusations and his threats. An impeachment could in no sense have implied an intention to abolish a co-ordinate department of the Government, and even an irregular suspension of the PRESIDENT from office would have fallen far short of an organic revolution; but the measure would have been dictated by party feeling, and, if it had been successful, it would have affected the independence of future Presidents. The motives which induced the majority of the Judiciary Committee to report in favour of impeachment are perfectly intelligible. The zealous partisans who controlled the Committee hoped to stimulate the flagging energies of their party, and they perceived that a direct attack on the PRESIDENT would evade the issue on which the Republicans were defeated in the State elections. Mr. JOHNSON's character and conduct are the weakest point of the Democratic party, and his active support has always proved injurious to their cause. Although the Northern States are fully determined to reject the supremacy of the negroes, their representatives in Congress are perhaps more trusted and better liked than the rash and obstinate PRESIDENT. On the other hand, the arguments which have probably determined the action of the majority in the House would be forcible in themselves even if they had not been rendered conclusive by recent events. If Mr. JOHNSON was guilty of usurpation in imposing terms of peace by his own authority, he faithfully condemned the policy which Mr. LINCOLN had pursued with the unanimous sanction of the Republican party. A State Government had been established in Louisiana, before the conclusion of the war,

on the same principles which were imposed by Mr. JOHNSON on the rest of the Southern States. At the close of a revolution excess of power in some quarter was inevitable, nor has Congress thought fit rigidly to confine itself within the limits of the Constitution. In the United States public opinion, for many purposes, the ultimate standard of right, and some of the offences imputed to the PRESIDENT had already been condoned by general assent, before he commenced the series of collisions with Congress which were the true ground of the proposed impeachment. His opposition to the Reconstruction Acts, and his frequent exercise of the veto, were not the less constitutional because each particular proceeding may have been inexpedient and unpopular. The Message itself would perhaps have furnished a plausible ground for impeachment. A skilful pleader might easily interpret the document into a threat of civil war, and the country would unanimously condemn the party which first resorted to violence. The Report of the Impeachment Committee was a rhetorical declamation inspired by undisguised party spirit; and the authority of the Committee was discredited by a sudden change of opinion. Not long since it decided against impeachment by five votes to four, and it was only by the conversion of a single member that the enemies of the PRESIDENT were enabled to pass an adverse Report. Mr. WILSON, the Chairman of the Committee, with one of his Republican colleagues, drew up a long and able legal argument in confutation of the conclusions of the majority; and the House of Representatives found a sufficient reason for abandoning an unprofitable policy, in the contrast between a party lampoon and a grave judicial exposition of the law.

The excellent reasons which were urged against the impeachment were enforced by considerations which rendered argument almost superfluous. The division of parties in Congress has not been materially affected, but the reaction in the constituencies has been rapid and decided. The fanatics of the ruling party who hope to anticipate defeat by increased violence have no longer the means of coercing their unwilling allies. Moderate Republicanism, which in the last Session was excluded from the councils of the party, is likely once more to hold the balance, nor will it henceforth be safe to gag opponents by arbitrary suppression of debate. The Southern elections and Conventions have convicted the Reconstruction policy of Congress of absurdity, and the votes of the State constituencies have recorded the condemnation. The PRESIDENT's premature confidence will perhaps be disappointed by the unwonted moderation of his antagonists. Over past legislation he can exercise no influence, except by laxity in the execution of the laws. His veto might have been interposed if an Act had been passed for suspending his own functions during the progress of an impeachment; but Congress will, under present circumstances, hardly attempt any important measure. In accordance with former precedents, both parties will prepare for the Presidential election by conciliating, as far as possible, the favour of the people, and in domestic affairs it is evident that extravagance and violence are no longer in fashion. The Republicans will, if possible, restrain the vehemence of Mr. STEVENS and Mr. SUMNER, and the Democrats will dissociate themselves from the fortunes and policy of Mr. JOHNSON. It is, unfortunately, too probable that temperate language at home may be exchanged for menace and discourtesy if Congress passes resolutions on foreign affairs. The question of allegiance which has been adroitly suggested by Mr. SEWARD for consideration involves considerable difficulties, nor can it be disputed that the English doctrine produces indefensible anomalies which ought to be corrected after friendly discussion. But the House of Representatives always deals with subjects of this kind in a hostile spirit; and its leaders are likely, in vindicating the rights of naturalized citizens, to claim immunity for conspirators who are equally liable to punishment whether they are subjects or foreigners. The Republicans will be in some measure restrained by the knowledge that the Irish have rejoined the Democratic standard; but animosity to England is too ready a road to popularity to be willingly abandoned. Mr. ROBINSON, a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee, has already urged the expediency of declaring war while an English force is occupied in Abyssinia; and Mr. GREELEY, lately appointed Minister at Vienna, forms one of a deputation to urge on the PRESIDENT the rescue of the Fenian prisoners. The Alabama dispute is kept alive for the express purpose of forming a standing ground of quarrel, and the PRESIDENT has vied with the Speaker of the House of Representatives in afflication of sympathy with the Fenians.

Another result of the elections is the suspension of the power of contracting the currency which had been hitherto vested in

the Secretary of the Treasury. There are many intermediate steps between the restoration of gold as the medium of circulation, and the fraudulent evasion of public obligations which is recommended by Mr. PENDLETON, General BUTLER, and Mr. STEVENS; but the gradual withdrawal of paper money was the first step to a return to cash payments, and Congress, by overruling the financial policy of Mr. McCulloch, indicates a leaning to unsound doctrines. If the currency were so far contracted as to reduce the premium on gold much below the present level, there would be no adequate motive for repudiating the debt under pretence of discharging it in paper; yet it is probable that the resolution of Congress implies no conscious purpose of dishonesty, and that it has been passed under the pressure of manufacturers who believe that they are interested in the maintenance of nominally high prices. One of the evils of a depreciated currency consists in the necessary hard-ship which attend a restoration of the standard, but the inconvenience is only aggravated by the postponement of the proper remedy. For a whole generation the sufferers from the return of the English Government to cash payments in 1819 continued to denounce Sir ROBERT PEEL as the author of their misfortunes. The interests of debtors, and to some extent of taxpayers, are on the side of depreciation; and the public creditor, unpopular even when he belongs to the same community, is regarded as an enemy and an extortioner when he happens to be a foreigner. The German capitalists who invested their money in American stocks during the war were lately described by Mr. STEVENS as swindlers, because it was probable that they would exact the performance of the contract. Holders of bonds will watch with interest the decision of Congress on the validity of the obligation to pay the principal as well as the interest in gold. The recommendation of the President to preserve the public faith will command little respect; but the majority in both Houses is probably opposed to the projects of Mr. BUTLER. A resolution that the bonds shall be paid in gold will be as profitable as it will be just, for confidence in the credit of the United States would enable the Government to re-borrow at a lower rate of interest any sums which might from time to time be employed in reduction of the debt.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

THE debate on Germany in the French Chamber was far inferior in animation and brilliancy to that on Italy, because it was clouded by the thought that France did not dare to treat Germans as she had treated Italians. The Chamber could not take a bold, decisive line, calling for a new policy for France, and planting swords for its enemies to run on. It had to think, not of Custozza, but of Sadowa, when it was deciding how to deal with Prussia. But, so far as home politics went, the effect was not so very different in the second from what it had been in the first debate. The EMPEROR was equally treated as a good foolish sort of man who was practically played out. And certainly nothing is more remarkable than the exceptional liberty which is occasionally allowed in France. Things are said of the EMPEROR which are said of no other monarch in a national Assembly. "I think," said M. DE LANJUSAIS, the principal speaker on the German question, "it might be useful if I briefly recounted the various disasters which the EMPEROR has brought on us." The actual ruler of France was treated as if he were a dead Greek or Roman—a merely useful person to point a moral. And all his numerous mistakes were traced to the same cause. He abandoned the old ways of France and the old French foreign policy, and took a new one of his own, which might be briefly termed the policy of shortsightedness. The peculiar characteristic of the EMPEROR's policy is that he never knows or thinks or cares what is going to happen. He had no idea that he must pause after Solferino, until he suddenly found that Prussia was moving on him. He had no idea that the absurd scheme of a federation of Italian Princes, with Austria as a member and the POPE as head, was an absurdity which no one would think worthy of even a moment's attention. He speculated last year on Austria beating Prussia, and was quite thunder-struck when Prussia was the conqueror. And not only were all the recent disasters of France traced to the EMPEROR, but they were distinctly traced back to the general system of personal government. France, in the unanimous judgment of the Chamber, was having a bad time of it; and it was having a bad time of it because it had adopted a system of personal government, under which the destinies of nearly forty millions of people were handed over to the sway of a person without political foresight or sagacity. There is much in all this which strikes us as being unfair to the EMPEROR. If his Government has been in some respects short-

sighted, the rule of the Chamber would have been much more shortsighted. He has had generous impulses, which have appealed to the hearts of men who belong to a class scarcely appearing in the Chamber at all. He has had a sympathy with the oppressed, and with sorrowing nations, which he learnt in his years of exile and obscurity. He has spoken words to Italy which M. GUEROULT confesses thrilled his rugged and uncourtierlike bosom. But still, whether the tone assumed by the Chamber towards the EMPEROR is justified, or not, it scarcely seems compatible with the general scheme of the Second Empire. How is personal government to go on when the *Moniteur* records, for the information of all France, that almost all, if not all, of those who represent the country, however imperfectly, are of opinion that personal government has broken down, and that the particular personal governor who happens to be ruling now is an improvident man who is bringing a succession of disasters on his country? The force of habit and of established order is great, and the EMPEROR may perhaps go on being EMPEROR; but the Empire has perished, for the moment at least, if not for a long time. And no one can say when it will be revived.

Some of the speakers were bitterly hostile to Prussia, and some few were favourable and kindly towards her as to the champion of the great German nation. But all agreed that it would never do to provoke or threaten Prussia. If France kept quiet, some said that Prussia would be absorbed in a liberal Germany; and others said that Prussia would be so disagreeable and overbearing that the smaller States would begin to rebel, and would hate Prussia as they once hated France. In old days there was a very clear policy which the French Court pursued towards Germany. Its one object was to be always the friend of the minor States, and alternately the friend of the two larger States. But in the present mood of the Chamber the great delight and amusement of a speaker is to show that every evil comes in some way from a NAPOLEON, and so it was suggested that a pestilent and novel way of treating Germany was invented by NAPOLEON I. He overturned all the old arrangement of Germany, gave and took away, created sham thrones and mock dynasties at his pleasure, and sliced Germany into as many pieces as pleased his fancy or suited his convenience. This was a total departure from the old traditional policy of France, the policy of conciliating and helping and encouraging the minor States—a policy which had so won the hearts of the Germans nearest to France that, when the provinces on the left bank were annexed to France, the inhabitants were quite at ease and perfectly happy with their old friends the French. But the evil example of NAPOLEON worked its natural fruits, and now Prussia has followed this example to the prejudice of France, and France sees how bad the example was. The right thing for France to do would be to return to its old ways, and once more be the friend of the minor States. But then there are two difficulties. In the first place, Count BISMARCK will not allow it; and, in the next place, the inhabitants of the minor States will not endure it; and certainly these are very strong objections. Count BISMARCK has no notion of the little States that belong to him pretending to have any independent existence of their own. One of them has had the impertinence to say, all by itself, and without asking the leave of Prussia, that it was quite ready to go to the Conference, and contribute its humble mite towards settling the great feud between Rome and Italy. Count BISMARCK was down on it in an instant. This was not at all the proper way of behaving, and he must beg his little friends for the future to understand that he was going to manage their tiny affairs for them, and that they need not trouble themselves about European Conferences and Roman questions and other matters altogether out of their scale of being. As usual, he has been successful; and Saxony, which was especially befriended and protected by France at the close of the war last year, has been the first to make a point of openly deferring to Prussia in the matter of the Conference, and of resigning into the hands of Prussia all its ancient right of independent representation in the Councils of Europe.

But this is not all. Among his other vague, temporizing, incoherent pieces of policy, the shortsighted Personal Governor of France has adopted the very policy recommended to him, and has adopted it with very little success. He has tried to seem the special friend of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, and of the minor States of the South. He has stimulated them to assert their independence, and to refuse to be cajoled or over-awed by Prussia. And at first he was listened to with some degree of favour. He began, of course, with the Courts, and the Courts were, for the most part, violently anti-Prussian. But when the Courts tried to make their subjects of the same mind with themselves, they began to find difficulties in their

way. The Bavarians did not like being left out of the Zollverein; they did not like the extreme nuisance of being forced to play at soldiering, and pay for the game, until they reached the standard of efficiency which would ensure the Prussians improving them off the face of the earth in a very few hours. And lastly, they are Germans, and are growing more proud every day of being Germans. The good sense of Count BISMARCK is reaping its reward. He has repeatedly checked with much firmness the ardour of those who have burned to unite at once the States of the South with the States of the North. He was prudently afraid of a reaction. He did not wish to have a Naples and a Sicily that he must keep attached to him by force. He felt the danger into which the French speakers were so kindly anxious he should run, and knew that although the opposition of Hamburg and of Frankfurt, of Hesse and of Hanover, might be a very small thing to him, yet it would be a very serious risk if the Southern States more remote from Prussia, and alien to her in religion and manners, should take it into their heads that, in separating from Prussia, they were achieving their independence. He has waited patiently, and every day his task grows easier in one important respect. The French, although not hostile enough to Germany to cause serious alarm, or inflict on it the cost of military preparations, are just hostile enough to make the Germans every day more entirely German. And it was perhaps the sense of this that impelled some of the French speakers to try to win over public opinion in Germany, and to inspire a belief that the French are the most unambitious, harmless, unaggressive people in the world. Especial care was taken to repudiate the notion that France has any hankering after the left bank of the Rhine. The French would not for the world hurt the feelings of any German, and, as to coercing Germans into becoming French subjects, that was wholly out of the question. But it may be doubted whether isolated expressions of this kind have much effect. The general impression produced by reading the speeches in the French Chamber is that the speakers hated and feared Prussia and the new distribution of power in Germany, but that they thought it prudent not to say so too distinctly. The Germans will understand this perfectly; and as, even in the smaller States, they no longer wish to be the dependents of France, they can only draw one lesson from what they see of French news in their papers; and that is, that they had better lose no time in attaching themselves to Prussia as quickly and as firmly as possible.

THE FENIAN FUNERAL PROCESSIONS.

AT length the Government has taken a decided step; and it was high time, for its policy or apathy had produced its natural fruits. Either a thoughtful contempt or a thoughtless indifference had encouraged demonstrations at which all foreigners stare with unmingled astonishment, and ordinary Englishmen with mingled surprise and disgust. When three Irishmen were hanged for an offence for which three Englishmen would have been subjected to the same punishment, only those who are familiar with Irish idiosyncrasies could have predicted the consequences of the sentence. No common Englishman is imaginative enough to conceive a halo of glory surrounding the scaffold of the hero whose only achievement is to have rescued a couple of prisoners and shot the policeman who guarded them. The perpetration of the act has doubtless often suggested itself to BILL SYKES and BILL SYKES'S friends; and every now and then a bungling attempt to carry it into execution is made by the companions of the unsuccessful burglars whom a too prosaic magistrate commits to the cells of Newgate. But in the mind of the English felon or misdemeanant there is wanting that imaginativeness which balances and redresses the gross evils of imprisonment and death in the eyes of the Irish criminal. The Englishman who rescues his pal and murders the constable has no hope that, if he is arrested, he will escape conviction; least of all can he hope that, when he is once hanged, any people will be foolish enough to make a hero of him, throw wreaths upon his tomb, or mouth speeches in his laudation. Even if he could be fully assured that, on the morning after his execution, there would be a procession of ten thousand delegates from Field Lane and Clerkenwell, who would wear favours in their jackets and crape on their hats, and get drunk in honour of his memory, we wholly disbelieve that this guarantee of posthumous fame would by any means reconcile him to the precedent condition of being "scragged."

It is, we see, far otherwise with Irishmen. Even the ignominy of the hangman's noose is by them invested with

the splendours and trappings of fame. The processions at Manchester and Dublin in honour of the "martyrs" ALLEN, LARKIN, and O'BRIEN, could not have been celebrated by any other people than Irishmen. Nor could any but Irishmen and Irish women have gone through such ceremonials as these are described to have been, without losing their sense of the solemnity in the sense of the ludicrous accidents which impaired it. The spectacle of ten thousand men, women, and boys parading the streets of a large city after three empty hearses bedecked with crape and green, a heavy December rain falling sullenly upon them, soaking the draggled dresses of the women and the flaunting emblems of the men, is not picturesque or romantic. Neither is the impressiveness of the spectacle increased by the *contretemps* of a disorderly band striking up a discordant air in the midst of a fervid declamation, or of frolicsome young women pushing off the hats of their male companions in honour of a rebel hero. But these accidents did not mar the solemnity of the procession in the eyes of many who took part in it. Despite these, despite the drizzling rain, despite the ill-assorted companionship of larking lads and bedizened housemaids, they went on their destined route, joined in the anticipated prayer, and heard the anticipated speeches. What they were told by the speakers at Dublin it is worth while for Englishmen to remember and reflect. Mr. MARTIN thus addressed the crowd:—"This is a strange kind of funeral procession. . . . We are here escorting three empty hearses to the last resting-place. . . . The three bodies that we would tenderly bear to the churchyard are not here. . . . They are in a hostile land. They have been thrown into unconsecrated ground, ignominiously branded by the triumphant hatred of our enemies as the vile remains of murderers. (Cries of 'Never!' and cheers.) Fellow-countrymen, they were not murderers. The three men whose memories we are here to-day to honour were virtuous and pious men, who feared God and loved their country. They sorrowed for the sorrows of the dear old native land. They wished to serve, or, if possible, to save her. For that love and wish they were doomed to an ignominious death by an English hangman. . . . For that reason, we say from the bottom of our hearts, 'May their souls rest in peace!'" Then he proceeded to recount how there had been sixty-seven sad years of insult, of robbery, of impoverishment, of extermination; how all through those years the Irish people continued to pray for a restoration of their independent national right; how Irishmen had been driven by English policy to America; how in America they had learned to become soldiers; how these Irish soldiers resolved to make war upon England; how England was terror-stricken, and endeavoured to inspire Ireland with terror; and how for that purpose she had murdered three Irishmen in form of law. It is needless to say that the feelings of the crowd responded to this very inspiring speech, and that it did not disperse without three cheers for the Irish Republic. It were superfluous to criticize the address, to analyse its historical theories, to ask what Ireland and what Irishmen the speaker meant—whether he regarded the whole people of the country as aboriginal Celts, with a distinct descent, language, and traditions from the people of England; or whether he considered an insular position and three hours' distance from England sufficient grounds for the establishment of a separate nationality. These questions, and others like them, it would be quite useless to ask, as both the speaker and his audience had never considered them worth a moment's attention. We know now that statistics never enter into the materials of Irish grievances, nor reforms into the catalogue of Irish remedies. Those Irish who hate us hate us as much for what we have left undone as for what we have done—for our good deeds as much as our evil deeds. We know, too, that if one thing offends them more than any other, it is our wish or intention to do them justice. They say that they want neither benefits nor kindnesses nor reforms nor redress at our hands. For none of these will they thank us. What they want is, Ireland for the Irish. They desire to be rid of us, to set up for themselves; to have their own Government, to tax themselves for it; to sell up the great proprietors, to divide their estates among the peasants and the town "boys," to organize a republic out of such residue of the population as would survive the proclamation of their independence, and then to look boldly at us on terms of "perfect equality." To be governed, however badly, by themselves, rather than governed, however well, by us—this is what was meant by Mr. MARTIN and his friends in Dublin. This was meant by the processionists in Manchester. This is meant by every meeting of Fenians in every part of the kingdom. In short, it is the end and object of Fenianism. For this object men drill, buy arms, conspire to seize arsenals, to fire the shipping in the Liverpool docks,

the warehouses on the London and Liverpool wharves, and to about policemen everywhere. The creation of a new republic within three hours' sail of England, which should be feared and courted by England, is the day-dream of those rough adventurers who blend the traditional hostility of exiled Irishmen with the superadded republicanism of naturalized Americans.

That men burning with these sentiments should meet, parade, and speak in this way, is not to be wondered at. But there is, or was, something else to be wondered at. People have been asking, Is there a Government in this country? and, if so, do its functions extend to the prevention of sedition? Government has at last ventured to forbid a repetition of these processions; and, after taking more than enough time for deliberation, it has resolved upon prosecuting Mr. MARTIN and the other sedition-mongers who got up the Dublin demonstration. But this long delay has given rise to various strange conjectures. Some have been inclined to suspect that, as Ministers educated their party into a tolerance of the Reform which it once loathed, so now they have been educating the country into a toleration of plots for the subversion of all government. One might almost have thought that they intended to crown the astonishment of England and the world by a placid exposition of the reasons which induced them to think that an Irish Republic would give rest to one country and happiness to the other. It is difficult to set limits to the possible action of "an organized hypocrisy." We are, however, at length permitted to believe that a juster explanation of the inactivity of the Government may be based on a calculation of the results of a contemptuous indifference. There is certainly something ludicrous, even beyond the ordinary limits of Irish absurdity, in the unexpressed gatherings of thousands of men to inveigh against the cruelty of the Government which will not prosecute them. The despotism and cruelty of the laws which perpetually permit their own denunciation, and protect those who indulge in it, must be of a kind utterly unintelligible to the natives of Warsaw and of Rome. And it is something to have reduced the conduct of anarchists to the condition of a bull which is perpetually repeating itself. It goes a great way to satisfy the doubts of just and equitable men in every part of Europe. But another question arises. Has the prolonged inactivity of the Government been just to the country, or to those whom continued impunity was betraying further and further into this blatherumskite of sedition? The Government has answered these questions tardily, but with firmness. The intended processions at Kilkenny and elsewhere are now forbidden by proclamation. That at Liverpool is forbidden by order of the borough magistrates. That at Glasgow will, we presume, also be forbidden. If the promoters of these demonstrations resist the Government, a conflict must necessarily ensue, but, unless the authorities have been very remiss in their preparations, it can only end in one way. It will henceforth be seen that the Government is not too feeble or too frightened to prevent this massing of the populace for treasonable purposes; that it is both able and ready to exercise its authority and prevent lads of sixteen and boys of ten years old from marching with revolutionary banners and seditious emblems, from defying the English law and the English Crown, and from invoking the support of a hostile nation. It no longer tolerates an insolent defiance which shakes the confidence of the loyal, confirms the courage of the disloyal, and saps the neutrality of the wavering. Nor were the effects of prolonged impunity confined to this kingdom. They extended beyond the Atlantic. They gave additional force and energy to the conspirators whose hives are the cities of the United States. They imparted confidence and facilities to the intercourse and combinations of the two classes of conspirators on either side of the Atlantic. Large bodies of men accustomed to meet, to harangue, and be harangued with impunity, offered a much greater encouragement to the alliance of foreign desperadoes than a few wretched dribblets meeting rarely and in fear of detection. Had large bodies of American soldiers effected a landing on our shores, their great inducement to aggression, we are persuaded, would have been the supposed weakness or timidity of our Government. More than this. There was another and a greater danger. The Irish are not the only discontented portion of our community, nor is discontent confined to the lowest class in either kingdom. There is another class far above this—a class of men not wealthy nor yet very poor, with the education, the tastes, and the habits of the highest ranks, a class containing some able and many disappointed men, a class which is equally offended by the presumed insolence of the aristocrat and the vulgar pretension of the rich *parvenu*, a class

which does not sympathize with the "citizen-brothers" of the friends of the people, but which, on an emergency, would gladly use, and be used by, them. From this would come, in a critical time, the leaders of popular insurrection; men with tongues and pens capable of kindling the passions of a people, even if they were incapable of calming them. These men are quiet or active according to the vigour or weakness of the Government. They love comfort and safety too well to throw their lot in with a doomed cause. But their discontent, disaffection, and ambition might make them, for a time, powerful leaders against a vacillating and blundering Government. Ireland, Irish sedition, and the foreign allies of Irish sedition, would offer a good scope to their mischievous energy. If they did not succeed in their larger project, they would yet be capable of fomenting a world of mischief. Now, these men, and all the herd of wavering waiters on Providence, will be checked in their revolutionary purpose by a strong repressive effort on the part of the Government; and the same resolution will breathe life and spirit into that sluggish *vis inertia* which constitutes the bulk of middle-class respectability. If this effort had not been made, there was imminent danger of all Southern Ireland becoming infected with open and avowed Fenianism, while the active supporters of the conspiracy would have made every large city of England a centre of seditious sympathy.

ITALY.

THE election of M. LANZA to the Presidency of the Italian Chamber is a proof that the principal politicians of Italy are resolved to be patient under their troubles. The result of the vote might have been different if the insolent language of the Imperial Minister at Paris had reached Florence a day or two earlier. As it is, it is just as well that M. RATTAZZI has been defeated in his candidature. His success would have been an additional cause of irritation to France, without producing any possible advantage to the Italian nation. M. RATTAZZI may not be deserving of the reproaches heaped upon him by his enemies. But at any rate he has failed; and a statesman who fails at so great a crisis as that which has just occurred has no claim to a vote of confidence on the part of his fellow-countrymen. M. CRISPI, who represents the advanced Left, has taken pains to exculpate him from the charge of complicity with the enterprise of General GARIBALDI, and M. CRISPI is doubtless to be believed. The true fault that M. RATTAZZI committed was not perhaps that he openly conspired with the party of the revolution, so much as that he looked on helplessly, if not sympathetically, upon their movements. It is perfectly true that the rest of the Italian nation did precisely the same; but it is the duty of a Premier either to stem a rash national enterprise at the outset, or else to place himself boldly at its head, and to conduct it to a successful conclusion. The French Government knew pretty well what M. RATTAZZI's policy was. If not a policy of intrigue, it was something very near it. And the moment when a political intrigue has failed is not the time to choose for doing honour to the unsuccessful intriguer.

It is not to be wondered at that the recent declarations of the Paris Cabinet should have been deeply felt at Florence. M. DE MOUSTIER and M. ROUHER have gone to great lengths, and, in their anxiety to satisfy French Catholics, have not hesitated to insult and to defy Italy. If they had confined themselves even to advocating the maintenance of the temporal power, it would have been a heavy discouragement; but they have gone further still, and have spoken of Italian unity in an unkindly, though not actually in a menacing or a hostile, tone. They know better than we do what were the necessities of their position, and what was the importance at all hazards of yielding to the solicitations of the priests, who rule the country population in the French provinces. But even if NAPOLEON III. has not lost strength at home by his sudden and remarkable espousal of the POPE's cause, one thing is certain, that he can no longer expect the friendship of Italy. The Italians are fully alive to the importance of the rupture. Nobody could feel surprised if they decided, in a spirit of resentment, on withdrawing M. NIGRA from his post. It does not appear certain that they will do so. And if they do not, it will be because they have convinced themselves that to quarrel with France would be a bare assertion of their dignity without any prospect of substantial benefit. There are many people who think that a nation had far better fight, even at the risk of utter ruin, than endure such terrible humiliation. It is very easy for English enthusiasts to take this view, nor do we deny that there is some apparent plausibility in it; but, after all, the Italians know best what are their own true interests in the matter. It is a significant sign of

their shrewdness that even their most advanced newspapers are, on the whole, moderate and temperate at such a moment. The real answer to all desperate counsels is that Italy is a nation of very recent growth. She is only seven years old, and, without sacrificing any of her aspirations, she may reasonably think that it is not necessary for her to imperil her very existence, when, after all, time is on her side. Nobody can fail to admit that a country which is not ready to take up arms ought never hastily to place itself in a situation in which it is almost impossible for it to be patient without loss of honour. This blunder, however, grave as it is, has been already committed. It is too late to undo it, and all that is left is to get as quickly and as decently out of the dilemma as may be. In plunging into danger and confusion the Italians have shown folly and imprudence, but they cannot fairly be blamed for a disposition to escape from the consequences of their folly as they best can.

The MENABREA Cabinet as yet has experienced no unfriendly treatment at the hands of the Italian Parliament. The difficulties of the task to which the new Ministers succeeded were almost overwhelming; and, considering their Conservative tendencies, they are admitted to have shown firmness and loyalty to the national cause. They represent for the time the policy of conciliation. Nor can they be accused of having lost any opportunity of casting oil on the troubled waters. The release of General GARIBALDI is a proof that they are not anxious to break with any single section, however Radical, and that they feel it is the duty of all Italians to be at any rate united at home, if they are to be humiliated abroad. M. MENABREA's despatches to the Paris Cabinet go to the extreme verge of courtesy. He refuses to be irritated into saying anything needlessly strong or desperate. Italy just now, with the approbation even of the *Diritto*, is engaged in the delicate operation of turning her left cheek to the smiter. The ingenuity of Italian journalists is displayed in the violent efforts made by them, with scarcely an exception, to tone down M. ROUHER's declarations, and to explain that France has done even in the last fortnight nothing more than interdict all violent assaults on the Papal power. *Emparer* was the verb used by the Imperial spokesman, and *emparer*, say the Italians, is a word denoting physical force. The astute commentators who affix this gloss on the French manifesto do not really believe in the political value of such interpretations; but they desire to modify instead of intensifying the asperities of the situation. General MENABREA appears on Thursday to have constituted himself the champion even of the French soldiery, and to have vindicated them energetically against the charge of inhumanity to the wounded which M. BERTANI strongly pressed against them. M. BERTANI's motion to reaffirm the Italian vote which pronounces Rome to be the natural capital of Italy concluded with a direct vote of want of confidence in the MENABREA Ministry. That reason would be sufficient to account for its defeat, though the suggestion of the *Patrie*, that the Italian Legislature meant to shrink from endorsing the national declaration on the subject of Rome, has been falsified by the whole tenor of the debate, and by the express pledges given by M. MENABREA in his various expositions of the Ministerial programme. Hitherto the MENABREA Cabinet has weathered all domestic storms; and people begin to talk of the Budget for the next year. Some further modifications in their body will probably take place if they are to be anything more than the Ministry of an interval. The collapse of the scheme of a Conference can scarcely be imputed even by M. DE MOUSTIER to their obstinacy. All the communications from Florence have been couched in the language of friendly reserve, and dictated by a desire to allow the quietus to be given to the Imperial plan by Europe in general, rather than by Italy in particular. Nobody in Florence ever believed in the Conference from the beginning, but the Italians, with much finesse, have abstained uniformly from throwing cold water on it themselves. Probably it had received its final *coup de grâce* before M. ROUHER's inflammatory Catholic oration; and one of the objects of his violent outburst was to cover the EMPEROR's retreat. The Roman Question returns accordingly to its old *status quo*, and the French Empire must make up its mind whether it will leave its troops at Civita Vecchia, or be content with a fleet and army of observation at Toulon. For the present Italy has resigned all idea of open rebellion against her too powerful patron. She is about, as the friends of M. MENABREA tell us, to return to the policy of CAVOUR. That policy is often described as a policy of moral as opposed to physical force. It would be more accurate to call it a policy of waiting in grim but infinite patience for military opportunities to come.

The real evil of the situation is, that it renders still

harder the task of any Italian Government to tranquillise or to govern the Peninsula. It will require a great effort on the part of KING and people to concentrate Italian attention on the practical business of developing the internal resources of the country, and civil administration. The temptation naturally is to do nothing of the kind, but to direct all the energies of Italy to building up some new diplomatic alliance, which may take the place of the French. At present the Italians would probably be ready to embrace any friendly hand held out to them from any quarter. And it is quite possible that before long they may find the opportunity of avenging themselves which they desire. For the breach between Italy and France is the latest and crowning diplomatic blunder of NAPOLEON III. He entered on his reign with the avowed object of rescuing France from her position of European isolation, and destroying what, in his exalted moments, he was pleased to call the combination of the other European Powers. After years of energetic foreign action he has succeeded in restoring the isolation which he hated and feared so much. He has made Germany and Italy feel that he is hostile to their development. He has exasperated Russia by touching, without settling, the Polish question. He has alienated America, frightened Belgium, and deserted Denmark. His Ministers pretend to have won over Austria; but Austria seems very unlikely now to commit herself to any anti-German enterprise. If we wish to see how little the Continent is ready to sympathize with France, we have only to look at the tone taken by every great European Power about the Roman question. Russia, Prussia, and Austria have all carefully abstained from endorsing the French view. The language of all three Governments, even of the Austrian, has been kindly and considerate to the King of ITALY, and the Vienna Cabinet, under M. BEUST, appears definitely to have given up all intention of restoring in Italy the old régime. The Treaties of 1815 have been, it is true, destroyed, but, as M. THIERS prophesied, we have got them again in a new shape. The German and Italian questions are doing as against France what France ten years ago desired to do with the Danubian Principalities against Russia, and what the Lombardy campaign of 1859 did in reference to Austria. M. ROUHER and M. DE MOUSTIER have put the last seal to the "isolation" of the French Empire.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE IN PRUSSIA.

THE Prussian Parliament is again engaged in one of those struggles which in other countries have led to the establishment of constitutional liberty. Perhaps it may be found that the age of liberty is over, and that Parliamentary Government is but an impracticable anachronism in a generation which inclines more and more to acknowledge, as the only permanent political forces, the power of numbers and the power of the sword. The Prussian House of Deputies only two years ago represented the community at large, and in its long and patient struggle with the Crown it was supported by general opinion; but the war of 1866 has conferred on the Minister great and merited popularity, and though the present Parliament includes deputies from several new provinces, it is in some respects superseded or overshadowed by the Parliament of the North German Confederacy. Great national interests take precedence of domestic controversies, and the completion of unity may perhaps appear to a patriotic Prussian to be more indispensable for the time than any safeguard of freedom; yet it is creditable to the lawyers, the scholars, and the public functionaries who give a character to the House of Deputies, that, in spite of all the ill-will of the Court and the aristocracy, and notwithstanding the indifference of the multitude, they still insist on the immunities which are the necessary conditions of free Parliamentary debate. Educated Germans, thoroughly familiar with English precedents must have heard with astonishment Count BISMARCK's bold assertion that members are responsible to legal tribunals for their speeches in the House of Commons. It might have been as accurately stated that the QUEEN was in the habit of coming down to Westminster for the purpose of arresting members of the Opposition in batches of five at a time. The common helplessness of the Government and Parliament of England at the present moment naturally tend to discredit the cause of liberty on the Continent, but for two centuries Parliament has exercised without dispute exclusive jurisdiction over the conduct and language of members within its walls. Any foreign Assembly which hopes to exercise supreme power must enforce the recognition of the same fundamental privilege.

Mr. TWISTEN, one of the most respectable members of the

Liberal party, was prosecuted in the course of last year for the use of language in debate which was regarded by the Government as libellous or seditious. The exemption of Parliamentary debates from ordinary jurisdiction might have been thought to be inherent in the nature of a legislative Assembly, and it had also been specially enacted in the constitutional law of Prussia; but some ambiguity of expression left an opening for the quibble that, while members were entitled to perfect freedom of opinion, they were still responsible for libellous words. As thought is theoretically free, at least in all Protestant countries, and as Germans, under constitutional or despotic Governments, have been in the habit of thinking very freely, the Ministerial interpretation of the Constitution excited general ridicule. The Court of First Instance, after hearing the case against Mr. TWESTEN, decided that it was incompetent to deal with Parliamentary proceedings; but the Supreme Court, on appeal, overruled the plea to the jurisdiction, and condemned the defendant to a term of imprisonment. The Liberal party in the House alleged that Count LIPPE, the Minister of Justice, had packed the Court by instructing substitutes to take their seats when their principals were present; and the Government willingly accepted a discussion on the collateral issue of an alleged administrative impropriety. Except in aggravation of the misconduct of the Minister, it was immaterial to inquire whether an incompetent, and therefore irregular, tribunal had in the particular case been constituted with ostensible regularity. The ground of complaint was not that the Supreme Court had decided wrongly, or that it had been improperly composed, but that it had presumed to take cognizance of matters transcending its authority. In all similar cases the English Houses of Parliament have enforced their exclusive jurisdiction by punishing the officers who have ventured to execute an unauthorized judgment. The Prussian House of Deputies, having no coercive powers, is compelled to content itself with Parliamentary protests, and with the ordinary machinery of opposition. In accordance with English precedents, the Liberal leaders, in answer to the argument that the Courts reject their interpretation of the law, insist on the indefeasible right of a legislative Assembly to define its own privileges. That the Parliamentary version of the disputed text is indisputably sound is but an incidental advantage in the dispute.

Although Count BISMARCK has never retracted the contemptuous opinion which he has often expressed of Parliamentary privileges, he had the good sense to understand the convenience of a conciliatory policy when his brilliant success in the Austrian war had inclined the House of Deputies to support the Government. If the prosecution of Mr. TWESTEN had belonged to the department of the PRIME MINISTER, it would have been silently dropped; and the controversy on Parliamentary immunities might consequently have been adjourned for the present. The MINISTER OF JUSTICE, who had not contributed to the triumph of Sadowa, was less willing to modify his administrative conduct in deference to political expediency. A legal bigot or martinet, he determined to reap the fruits of his judgment by enforcing the penalty which had been pronounced against Mr. TWESTEN. The natural indignation of the House has found vent, not only in vigorous remonstrances, but in the introduction of a Bill for securing freedom of debate. The Conservative minority, as usual, opposes the assertion or extension of Parliamentary privilege, and the Bill is more seriously endangered by the secession of the advanced Liberal section. The more democratic members forcibly argue that a legislative measure cannot add force to a constitutional provision, and that the promoters of the Act virtually admit the insufficient character of the existing security for freedom of debate. The moderate Liberals appear to outnumber both sections of their opponents, but perhaps they have committed a mistake in substituting a Bill for a declaratory resolution. One of the ultra-Liberal speakers complains that the representatives of the new provinces are too ready to defer to the Government, and that they have not yet learned to appreciate or to share the stern rigidity of the Prussian character. His own party refuse to combat Ministerial aggressions by Acts of Parliament, preferring to wait till the Government needs the assistance of the House, and consents to purchase support by legitimate concessions. No doctrine could be sounder, but for the probability that in a great national crisis feelings of patriotism will override constitutional scruples. If the Prussian Parliament were asked to admit half a dozen new provinces into the kingdom, or to provide armaments for the defence of Germany against foreign invasion, the wrongs of Mr. TWESTEN, and even the privileges of the House of Deputies, would be for the time consigned to oblivion.

There is still some chance of a practical compromise, for Count BISMARCK has resolved to disembarass himself of a dull and obstinate colleague who exaggerates, under the influence of prejudice, the defiant policy which is alternately pursued and suspended by the Prime Minister for political reasons. As the KING also cherishes prejudices, including attachment to Ministers whom he regards as loyal servants, Count BISMARCK made use of his Federal Parliament for the purpose of offering a deliberate affront to the doomed MINISTER OF JUSTICE. He complained that Count LIPPE had for ten years neglected to prepare a Bankruptcy Bill, which was urgently required to meet the requirements of commerce. In a country governed by a Cabinet of responsible Ministers such a comment would have been equivalent to dismissal; but Count LIPPE persuaded the KING that he had not been guilty of the alleged neglect, and he was allowed to remain in office. Bankruptcy Bills are exclusively legal matters, and Count BISMARCK could scarcely press further an objection which had perhaps little to do with his own wish to lighten the Government of an incumbrance; but the prosecution of a Deputy fell within the sphere of politics, and as Count LIPPE was contumaciously determined on continuing the proceedings, he was summarily disavowed by his official superior. Convinced at last that he has no chance of retaining office, he has tendered his resignation; and his successor will easily find reasons for abandoning the prosecution, without openly renouncing the pretensions which have been sanctioned by the Supreme Court. In the meantime Mr. TWESTEN has given further offence to Count BISMARCK by accusing the Government of bad faith in applying a part of the proceeds of last year's loan to the compensation allowed to the King of HANOVER. It remains to be seen whether the Minister will once more appeal to tribunals which, even if they were legally competent, are evidently incapable of determining whether a pledge given by a Minister to Parliament has been subsequently violated. If Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE could have indicted one another in the Queen's Bench as often as imputations have been exchanged between the Government and the Opposition, political supremacy would have been transferred from Parliament to the Courts of Law. Probably the Prussian Minister will have the good sense to avoid the example of Count LIPPE, whom he has just discarded for unseasonable pertinacity.

THE CONFERENCE.

IT seems that the French Government thinks that the Conference may still meet. It can apparently carry out a work of conciliation; and so the negotiations with the various Governments are going on just as they were before the recent debates in the French Chamber. And it must be remembered that one great difficulty that stood in the way of the Conference has been surmounted. When first the Conference was proposed, the natural reply of most of the great Powers, and, among the rest, of England, was that there was no basis, no programme, nothing definite for the Conference to talk about when it met. Lord STANLEY only expressed the feeling of all Englishmen when he said that they would never go, and that a series of idle discussions about what might possibly happen under some unknown circumstances was scarcely the sort of thing for England to encourage. But now this obstacle has been entirely removed. The Conference, if it met, would meet with as definite a programme before it as could possibly be wished. The basis of discussion, if discussion can be considered the proper term for the proceedings of a Conference meeting under such circumstances, has been quite fixed. France has altogether settled the Roman question, and there is no longer any Roman question to discuss—that is, as long as France can and will adhere to her present purpose; for the POPE has now an unconditional, absolute guarantee of all his territory, and he has got the French army to back him, whatever he does. And this is declared by the organ of the French Government to be not a temporary arrangement, a mere device for gaining time, and for keeping the revolution quiet until the Powers of Europe can decide what is to be done. On the contrary, it is a permanent settlement of the relations between the Papacy and Rome. The existing Roman territory in its integrity is guaranteed in perpetuity to Rome as against Italy, and the French army will always be ready to maintain the guarantee. A Congress meeting on this basis would have a very easy task before it. All its great difficulties would have been surmounted. It would, indeed, have nothing to decide or to discuss, for, if the only question at issue has already been

solved by the sword, there could be no use in pretending that it was still open. How the POPE is to behave towards those Italians who happen to be his subjects, what portion of his territory ought to pass under secular rule, what should be the relations between the Sovereign of Italy and the POPE if the POPE were to abandon the secular government of his country to the Italian monarchy—these were all very interesting questions for a Conference to discuss, and it is possible, though not very probable, that a Conference might have done some good by discussing them. But not one of these questions can be ever referred to now. There is an end of them all now: If it were said at the Congress that the POPE's subjects are Italians, and ought to have a Government like other Italians, and that their interests are not to be sacrificed because the Catholics want the head of their religion to have a kingdom of this world, what would be the reply? M. DE MOUSTIER would answer, with a smile, that for all time to come these suffering Italians are to live under the rule of French bayonets, and so it is perfectly idle to speak of them. If it were asked whether the POPE was to go on for ever making the small spot in the centre of Italy a focus of hostility to all the rest of Italy, M. DE MOUSTIER could only answer that certainly he is to do this if it suits him, for, whatever he does, he is to be protected from all consequences by France. If it were represented as inimical to the balance of power in France that the French should thus have gained a new province and a new stronghold in the midst of Italy, the same answer must be given. France has got hold of this stronghold, and challenges Italy, Prussia, and Europe generally to turn her out. Europe does not intend to try to turn her out, and therefore the less said about it the better.

But then, as the French Government says, the Congress can conciliate, if it cannot discuss. Conciliation is not a very good phrase here, for it generally means something addressed to more parties than one. And now there is only one party to whom the Conference could address itself. The POPE has got all that he wants; France has got all that, in the present mood of her Chamber, she is supposed to want; the Italians have got nothing, and know they are to get nothing, of what they want. We could not alter this for them; for to do so we must oppose France, and the object of the Conference is of course not to get up a coalition against the Power that summons it. All that the Conference could do would be to soften the blow to the Italians, to preach resignation, hope, endurance to them, to pat them figuratively on the back, and ask them to be good and gentle under their trial, and not give way to an angry, hard spirit. This might possibly be right in a moral and religious point of view, but it is very odd if it cannot be done without a Conference of all the Powers meeting to do it. Why should England send a special emissary to a Conference to say what Lord STANLEY could say any day in a despatch? We should be sorry that such a despatch should be written, for ordinarily, between nations, to console is to patronize; and we do not wish to be guilty of the extremely bad taste of patronizing Italy. But if we wished to say a few kind words to Italy, we surely could say them on some better occasion than when the representatives of France and Spain and Austria were listening to them. Italy would scarcely be conciliated or consoled unless all that could be said to encourage her were plainly spoken; and if England were to say the real thoughts of Englishmen about the Roman question in its new phase, they might be, perhaps, conciliatory or consoling to Italy, but they would not be inoffensive or immaterial to other Powers. What would be thought at a Conference if an English Minister were to get up and address his Italian colleague in plain language? He would have to say, if he said anything worth hearing, something as follows:—"You have had a sharp blow given you, and for the moment you must bear it quietly. There is nothing else to be done, for you are too weak to fight France single-handed, and at present you are single-handed. It is true that we bitterly dislike seeing France gain a new province in the middle of the Mediterranean; but we have far too much on our hands to think of going to war in a matter that affects our interests certainly, but affects them only in a remote degree. Then there is Prussia. Now at present Prussia could not help you if she wished. The conduct of France is too nearly right in the eyes of German Catholics for the whole of Germany to respond to the appeal of Count BISMARCK to fight France; and without the combination of the whole of Germany against France, both you and Prussia might be crushed. You can only wait till on some purely secular question France and Germany come into collision, and then, if you think you have a fair chance of getting hold of Rome by force, you may seize your opportunity. Thus by far your best policy is to sit quite

"still and wait, and perhaps even France may change her views. The French are so violent against you, not so much because they want to keep up an ecclesiastical government at Rome, or because they want to injure and annoy you, as because, having been kicked out of Mexico by the United States, and having found themselves incapable of fighting Prussia, they must bully somebody in order to recover their self-complacency, and you have been selected." This would be sound advice, based on sound, true reasons; and if the Italians cannot give it to themselves, they might possibly be grateful to us if we took the trouble of giving it them. But a worse place and occasion than a Conference to give it in can scarcely be imagined; and so we may say with tolerable confidence that, of the Powers, England certainly, for one, will not attend this Conference, as, under present circumstances, she thinks it probably the best course for her to say nothing to anybody about Rome and Italy; but that, if she could see her way to doing any good by entering on the subject, she should much prefer addressing Italy separately, in a quiet and inoffensive way.

Obviously this talk of the French Government is all nonsense. It is merely meant as a cover under which it may retreat from a false position. Why the EMPEROR wished for a Conference originally is obvious. As it was neatly put at Paris, he wished to make use of the Protestant Powers to lessen the degree in which he would stand committed to Rome and to the clerical party. He wished to be the kind good friend of the POPE, who acted under pressure, who saw difficulties and embarrassments that the POPE could not see, and who therefore must recommend the POPE to submit to sacrifices that were lamentable, but absolutely necessary. The EMPEROR would thus have been in the position of bargaining in the name of Europe between Italy and the POPE, and this would at once have flattered him by seeming to restore his predominance in Europe, and would have given him a chance of getting at a result that would have made things easy for the moment. But all this is over now, and he must be more painfully conscious than any one else that it is all over, and why it is all over. His Chamber has taken the government of France out of his hands. He is not the representative of France in this matter as he used to be, saying what he thought best, and binding nearly forty millions of people to carry out what he might choose to say. He is no longer the arbiter of events, forming, or endeavouring to have it believed that he forms, remote plans and combinations. He is simply an Emperor who has been told by his subjects to speak out, and have done with his silly hesitation and his disastrous little bits of personal government. This has totally changed his position, but he cannot be expected to say as much to all Europe. He must pretend that the Conference is as much wanted as ever it was, and that he is as free to act as he used to be. Every one knows that this is not true, and no one now will expect the Conference to meet. A few despatches will be written, perfectly unmeaning, and understood on all sides to be meant to be unmeaning, and then all talk of a Conference will die away; and at last, after a few months are gone by, the EMPEROR will quietly state in some half-official way that, owing to the resistance of the non-Catholic Powers, the Conference which he in his wisdom proposed, and which would have done so much good, came to nothing. But it is impossible that no effect should be produced on Europe by this ill-considered attempt to get a Conference together. The EMPEROR risked something by making the proposal. He ran the danger of having it demonstrated that he called Conferences merely as an expedient to gain time, and to get him out of difficulties from which he was unable to extricate himself. Europe, too, the next time he proposes a Conference, will treat him as the French Chamber has treated him, and will ask him to speak out. It will not give him credit for having a policy, and it will hardly think of listening to him when he pretends to have one. Excepting that he happens to be Emperor of France, just as FRANCIS JOSEPH happens to be Emperor of Austria, he will no longer be a great man in European eyes. He has had his hour of greatness, almost of supremacy, and now his hour is past.

MR. LAYARD AND DR. BEKE.

IT is quite unnecessary to form or to express a definite judgment on the controversy between Mr. LAYARD and Dr. BEKE, but it is certain that the House of Commons ought not to be occupied with personal squabbles between members and strangers. Even if Mr. LAYARD were accepted as a judge in his own case, his character for good taste would suffer from his violent language to an opponent who could give him no direct answer. When Parliament was considering the causes

and the more conduct of a troublesome war, it was indecorous to raise the secondary and insignificant issue of the accuracy of a private traveller in Abyssinia. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE must in some degree share the blame, because he allowed attacks on Mr. LAYARD and his friends to be included in his miscellaneous dust-heap of a blue-book; but Dr. BEKE's charges were not adopted by the SECRETARY OF STATE, although he gave them unnecessary publicity. In the same remarkable compilation it appeared that Dr. BEKE thought himself ill-treated by a Government which had not shown its appreciation of his communications by giving him employment in connexion with the Abyssinian expedition. It would not have been judicious to engage the services of an agent who had unfriendly feelings towards some of the prisoners, especially as they attribute to his officious intervention some portion of their misfortunes. It was at least unlucky that Dr. BEKE should, in spite of remonstrance, have undertaken a journey to Abyssinia at the time when Mr. RASSAM was about to proceed on his ill-fated mission. In such a country every Englishman bears in some sort an official character, and whatever credit was reposed in Dr. BEKE was probably withdrawn from the genuine envoy. The jealousies of poets or of actors are faint in comparison with the hostile rivalry of civilized discoverers in barbarous countries. Each successive explorer feels towards his competitors as Lord RUSSELL may have felt when Mr. DISRAELI first disclosed his intention of pirating the copyright of Reform. The gossip of a colony is more benevolent than the scandal of a savage coast, where every European allies himself with some unintelligible faction. Dr. BEKE has happily not convinced Lord STANLEY or Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE that it is the duty of the English Government to espouse the cause of a certain pretender who is said to be the legitimate representative of a former Abyssinian dynasty; and if Sir ROBERT NAPIER should have the opportunity of concluding an honourable peace, he is perfectly at liberty to acknowledge the descent of THEODORE from SOLOMON and the Queen of SHEBA, or from Queen CANDACE. Having declined to follow Dr. BEKE's counsels, Lord STANLEY would have done well to reject the demands of Mr. LAYARD and of Mr. NEWDEGATE for the publication of further correspondence. The character of an ex-Under Secretary of the Foreign Office is undoubtedly valuable; but Mr. LAYARD has the same facilities for defending himself against unjust charges which are enjoyed by persons who happen not to sit in the House of Commons. His assailant has not shown a temper or a judgment which can be likely to add undue weight to his accusations.

It is hard upon Mr. RASSAM to be accused of blunders, and almost of frauds, while he is a prisoner in chains in an Abyssinian fortress. It may be a question whether a person of higher rank, and an Englishman, ought not to have been sent on the mission for the release of the captives; but as Mr. RASSAM was in fact the representative of England, he is entitled, not only to protection, but to fair consideration. There is nothing discreditable in the history of his life, although his humble situation has been invidiously urged as an argument against his claim to respect. He was a Christian of Syrian birth, brother of the English Vice-Consul at Moossul; and he assisted Mr. LAYARD in his celebrated researches at Nineveh. When the late Government determined to send an agent to the Court of Abyssinia, Lord RUSSELL and Lord CLARENDON must have been fully aware that Mr. LAYARD's former Asiatic assistant was not an Englishman of high civil or military rank. The attacks upon Mr. RASSAM are intended to affect his immediate patron, who has had the misfortune of provoking some personal enmities; but it must be remembered that the FOREIGN MINISTER, and not his subordinate, was exclusively responsible for the appointment. If an Eastern emissary was to be employed, Mr. LAYARD deserves credit for having discovered an honest, intelligent, and loyal candidate for the office; nor is it surprising that he should have recommended a friend in preference to a stranger. His zealous vindication of his client proceeds from an honourable motive; but Mr. LAYARD, during a Parliamentary career of several years, has never discovered that personalities are not the best answer to personalities, or that vituperation would be offensive to a cultivated audience even if it were indisputably just. It is a vice to be quarrelsome, although the culprit may always be in the right. If Dr. BEKE is, as Mr. LAYARD alleges, a malignant calumniator, his writings are not a fit subject for the consideration of the House of Commons.

The most serious imputation against Mr. RASSAM's character, although it may possibly have been insinuated by Dr. BEKE, would scarcely have been intelligible to the hasty readers of

the blue-book, if it had not been indignantly repelled by Mr. LAYARD. The KING appears to have presented Mr. RASSAM with a large bulk of silver coin; and half a dozen members of the House of Commons inquired of the Government whether the money had been placed to the credit of the Treasury or appropriated by the receiver. As the money is still in Abyssinia, within reach of the KING and out of the reach of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, it is premature to accuse Mr. RASSAM of any irregularity. Persons who profess to understand Oriental or African etiquette state, with much probable truth, that barbarous kings never make presents except on the understanding that a larger gift is to be returned as an acknowledgment of Royal liberality. Some speakers in one of the late debates seemed almost to think that King THEODORE was justified in imprisoning an envoy who had accepted half a ton of silver and given nothing in exchange. The obvious apology, that poor Mr. RASSAM had nothing to give, is met by the remark that he ought therefore to have declined the money which was offered. It is easy to criticize at leisure the conduct of a diplomatist who risks his life and liberty on his success in humouring a capricious potentate. If Mr. RASSAM had refused the gift with some appropriate flourish as to the inexhaustible wealth of the Queen of ENGLAND, it is possible that the Abyssinian KING might have been impressed by his magnanimity; and it is also possible that he might have resented the rejection of his offer as an affront. The result showed that he was resolved not to allow the money and the prisoners to leave the country; but he has never intimated any disapproval of Mr. RASSAM's conduct in accepting the money, which he has in fact not reclaimed. If part of the sum has been applied to the relief of the wants of the prisoners, the financial purists who complain that English funds should be wasted on German missionaries will not command general sympathy. Although public servants are required to pay over to the Treasury presents received in their official capacity, it will be time enough to examine Mr. RASSAM's accounts when he is released from captivity.

If King THEODORE, who reads English with ease, has access to newspaper reports, he will perhaps learn for the first time, from the debates in the House of Commons, that he has received slights which he had not previously suspected. His reception of Mr. RASSAM indicated no susceptibility as to the rank of the envoy; nor had he, to the date of the latest accounts, ceased to profess the warmest friendship for his prisoner. If he discovers that Mr. RASSAM once assisted Mr. LAYARD in digging up Assyrian bulls, he may perhaps begin to think that his own tyrannical proceedings were but a proper assertion of his dignity; yet an imperfectly civilized understanding will be puzzled by the apparent disproportion between the rank of the English agent and the preparations for his rescue. A prisoner who is to be released at the cost of several millions sterling will be supposed to possess some intrinsic value; and Mr. RASSAM ought to be treated with additional respect when a great army is marching to his aid. Perhaps the best reason for preferring an English nobleman or an Indian General as an envoy would have consisted in the attention which the scheme of despatching a dignified mission would have commanded in the Foreign Office and in Parliament. Great Ministers may have thought little of risking the life of an humble dependent of Mr. LAYARD's who was not even English by birth; and perhaps it was only when Mr. RASSAM was actually imprisoned that the duty of rescuing even the most insignificant representative of the Crown was distinctly recognised. There would have been some incidental advantage in avoidance of the recent discussions on the character of Mr. RASSAM, and on the conduct of his patron. When a gentleman of position is justly or unjustly attacked in Parliament, members of both parties contend for the office of vindicating the honour of an eminent public character; and if grave misconduct is alleged, the leaders on either side solemnly add the weight of their authority to the conventional acquittal. Unfortunately for Mr. RASSAM, he has no position in English society, and there is a pleasure in pressing on the responsibility which attaches to his solitary sponsor. Mr. LAYARD managed to enlist on the side to which he was opposed all those who took an interest in the character of Dr. BEKE, and the larger class which dislikes unseemly violence of language.

MENTAL GROWTH.

THE intention of Dr. Newman's return to Oxford as a Roman Catholic priest appears to have been abandoned; and of course rigorous Protestants cannot be supposed to regret that the rising generation at Oxford is not to be exposed to the temptations of a seductive Catholic theologian, however noble

and self-devoted he may be. But the mere rumour of his re-appearance on the scenes of his earlier life was one which must have interested many Oxford men. There was a time when Dr. Newman's influence at Oxford was great indeed—a source of life and revival in a dormant centre of education. It has left traces of itself behind in many ways, and though the special religious phase of which he was so distinguished a leader may have disappeared, or nearly disappeared, from the University, still the movement to which he gave his name was the precursor and the direct cause of other movements more permanent than itself. His return to Oxford would have been in some respects a curious sight to see. Oxford has changed in the interval. Many of those who were touched by his influence have since moved into spheres of thought where he himself could not follow them, and hold very different opinions from any which he ever knew. The rapprochement between the stationary master and his progressive followers would have been singular. And yet in daily life such spectacles are often seen. Dismissing altogether Dr. Newman and the train of ideas to which his reappearance at Oxford might have given rise, and passing to the wider subject of mental growth in general, how often have we not all of us watched with curiosity the after-intercourse of pupils and masters who have drifted apart from one another! When it is the disciple's mind that has grown, and the teacher and guide who has been motionless, the sight is peculiarly instructive. Teachers often repine at the poverty of the results of their teaching. Their flowers bear no fruit. Their fastest educational expresses come to a dead standstill as soon as a University course is over, and sink back into sloth and inactivity. But there is another side to the relation of teacher and taught. It is not uncommon for the pupil who moves away into life from the side of a revered master to come back after years of absence, and to discover, much to his disappointment, that the man to whom he owes his own principle of energy has been standing still ever since, while the world has been advancing. The teacher has been passed by his pupil, and is scarcely any longer even in sight; and the pupil, middle-aged and unenthusiastic, wonders perhaps what it was in the old instruction he received that produced a sort of revolution in his mind, and opened up new worlds to him at once. The speculations that struck him as so pregnant with interest now seem dead and dull, and even obsolete. The way of solving difficult problems that in old time fascinated and satisfied him appears, after the interval, to be based on no logical grounds, to be unstable, uncertain, and ephemeral. He feels like a son who has distanced his father, and got to the top of the hill first. There is, of course, a great deal of the old authority and influence which a wise teacher would neither wish nor expect to keep, any more than a parent would desire to retain his children in the condition of perpetual minority and tutelage. Yet the transition from the position of follower, or admirer, to that of independent critic and candid friend is one a little painful while it is being made. The true consolation for it all is to reflect how small a part it is of the mission of any great thinker to produce a "school." His real glory is to give an impulse to intellectual growth, to stimulate individual progress, and to turn out men from his nursery who soon become too powerful to continue the votaries of any school at all. There are some of his disciples who go on remaining his disciples to the very end of their lives. It is not by such intellectual infants that his success is to be judged. The prophet who is always surrounded by the same group of confiding creatures may make pretty sure of one thing, and that is, that his pupils will never set the Thames on fire. Intellectuals of the highest and most genial order know that it is not inside any charmed apostolic circle that they must look for the fruits of their labours, but among the number of those outside who often differ from, occasionally neglect, often perhaps outstrip, their master. Diotima taught a greater person than herself in Socrates; and Socrates was in his turn a kind of Diotima to minds more complete and comprehensive than his own. Sensible and grateful people very soon will make up their minds to recognise the fact that an old master is not the less their benefactor because their minds have long ceased to work in the same groove as his. He may appear to have been reactionary or motionless ever since, but this does not rob him of the merit of having been the cause of life and movement in others.

If mental growth raises up this barrier between a man's present and his past, and makes it difficult for him to go back afterwards and sit at anybody's feet, the question remains, how much is usually left at all of the old influence from which he has partially extricated himself, and in what shape does it survive? The quantity and quality of the residuum vary, of course, in individual cases. There is every shade of variety, beginning with the æsthetic person who goes on fondling and pretending to delight in his extinct opinions, down to the complete iconoclast, who smashes all his own painted windows one after another. But if we are to take the broad instances of the run of people who, as they advance in years, cut loose from them several or all of the positive convictions or opinions with which they started—a class whose number must necessarily be large—it is quite plain that there is a good deal left which clings to them tenaciously, even if it is difficult to define it. This relic of their old selves is more like an aroma than a solid substance. We all know by experience how strong it is—something about as strong as and no stronger than an old, irrational, but warm friendship. It is quite true that we have contracted new habits of thought, and have attained to new lights. What we believed when we were at Gamaliel's feet we

believe no longer; but the scent and perfume of our former views hangs heavily about our persons, and is felt at once by our acquaintances when we enter their company. Great mental development or change does not instantaneously correct all our character or all our ideas. Perhaps, with respect to some of the most important subjects that interest us, we get a fresh method or a new clue, which alters our relation to them entirely and at once. There are, however, invariably a mass of smaller fancies, habits, tastes, and opinions within our minds which submit more slowly and irregularly to the new heaven. The process of conversion is gradual, not immediate; partial, not universal; superficial, not vertical. It is the lot of human nature that it can only think out a certain number of questions at a time; and meanwhile, in the background, are heaped up a vast medley of minor matters which we leave in their old condition, and about which we go on tacitly accepting the truth of our former conceptions. When men and women give up one standard of truth for another, and begin to walk by improved lights, they do not at once go off and set all their house and every room in it in order, or sweep up every possible cobweb in every remote corner. They modify their way of looking at great things; their way of looking at little things remains. It is thus in politics, philosophy, and theology alike, that all of us, with scarcely an exception, serve in reality two masters, and belong to two régimes. The old and new Adam co-exist in us. Reluctant proselytes of the new, we are affectionate deserters from the old; and we partially live in the pleasant shade of old influences. The fact is, that it is impossible to say that the mind of any human being is fitted and furnished on logical principles. It is rather a sort of lumber room or bazaar, which contains a good deal in apple-pie order, but a good deal that has been tumbled in loosely in a heap. Men think inconsistently enough up to the time when their attention is forcibly drawn to the inconsistency; and then perhaps, if we are active and honest, we set slowly and methodically to work to repair the incongruity, and to make our opinions dovetail into one another. To the very end of our career there are certain ways of thinking which we cannot make dovetail decently, do what we will with them. It is in vain for us who have crossed the Rubicon to pretend to be converts. There is a quaint cut about our intellectual clothes to the last; and though we profess to have cast away the tradition in which we were trained, every now and then "our speech bewrayeth us." Lord Macaulay was scarcely perhaps an Evangelical, but the flavour of Clapham occasionally comes wafted over the page, even in his keenest assaults on intolerance and bigotry. Napoleon III. will not, even in his decadence, become so completely an Ultramontanist as never to emit heretical sparks of interest in the liberal movements of the Continent. Mr. Gladstone to the last, whatever his politics, will smack of Oxford; and, even if he fell a victim to Strauss or Renan, would probably make an irregular and fitful sceptic at the best.

This kind of unconscious sympathy with the ideas that once ruled supreme over us resembles, in some degree, the instinctive affection with which, wherever or whatever he may be, a man regards the name of his old school or college. Even boys who have been kicked from first to last at Eton go on till they are gray maintaining that there is no place like it. Their opinion on the subject of classical education may be revolutionary or conservative, they may be reformers or anti-reformers about Latin verses and modern science, but to the end of their lives they never can bear to listen to a word in disparagement of the most perfect of all earthly institutions. What Eton boys feel about Eton most men feel about their old Gamaliels, and about the hot-house—political, philosophical, or religious—in which they were reared. Long after they have ceased to be of the same mind as formerly they still go on liking the ways of their first school better than the ways of any other. They grow very angry if a single word is said in its dispraise. They are not any longer disciples; they see all the errors, or perhaps absurdities, in the system; but yet they have a sort of inclination in their inmost hearts to take anybody who speaks disrespectfully of the system by the throat. The feeling is not irrational. There are some people who are irritated at the recollection of the sweet and wasteful illusions of their youth, and who regard every past "phase" that ended in air as so much life and opportunity lost. And lost, to a certain extent, it is. Had it not been thus, but thus, had we read first what we came to last, and never read half the books we did read at all, our course would have been more compendious. But, on the whole, the wisest people will least regret the time spent under the shadow of once favourite ideas. There may be something of affectionate superstition in our attachment to them, but there is also a just gratitude, and a sensible and sound conviction that—education being a "maieutic" process—we are as much the debtors of those benefactors who set our minds rolling as if they had presented us with truth ready made, and packed like Fortnum and Mason's preserved meats.

Nearly as lasting as our old sympathies are our old antipathies. *Manet diam in renatis hæc natura infectio.* Even if we have in the process of long time drifted round to the side, and anchored in the middle of the antagonists we once disliked and despised, we cannot bring ourselves to like them. Their thoughts may have become our thoughts, but their ways are not like our ways. The bitterness of past discussion and rivalry counts possibly for something in this feeling. But there is something more substantial at the bottom of it. The real account of the thing is that similarity of convictions does not constitute similarity of mind. It is not because two travellers halt together for a night under a common

not, that they become at once fellow-travellers or friends. The divergence of the direction from which we have come makes quite as wide a gulph between man and man as any divergence between the directions in which we are going. Fellow-pilgrims, to be really sympathetic, must have started from the same starting-point, not merely have set their faces towards one and the same holy city. "A sea rolls between us," says the poet, "our separate Past." And part and parcel of ourselves and of our past are our former likes, and still more, our former dislikes. This fidelity to old antipathies is one of the most remarkable features in what one may term mental growth. The force of old associations is stronger than the force of recent logic and conviction; and long after we have given up thinking anything, we go on feeling as if we thought it. Affections and instincts are more permanent than opinions. We learn new truths quicker than we cast off the charm of old errors, and our minds move faster than our hearts.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

THE burning of Her Majesty's Theatre has been made the theme of preachments of various kinds. The school of fine writers has found in this congenial topic an opportunity of sputtering and flaring into unusually brilliant coruscations of fiery words which are almost as hot and dazzling as the "conflagration" itself. Stiff and sombre statisticians have discovered a new illustration of the great law of averages, and satisfy themselves somewhat complacently that the predetermined cycle had run itself out, and that, according to Mr. Buckle, the Opera House was due to Vulcan at this precise era. The natural philosophers fall back on the doctrine of occult causes, and are very profound as to the possibility, in this case, of spontaneous combustion. Next Sunday will doubtless be devoted in many pulpits to the charitable purpose of showing that playhouses are peculiarly adapted to the exhibition of divine justice in their destruction; and, taking a leap from the Church of St. Jago in Chili to the Opera House in the Haymarket, preachers will point to the instances, equally applicable to either turn of the argument, in which the votaries of false doctrine and pleasure have and have not been spared in the ruin which has destroyed the wretched temples of folly. More sober people are beginning to think of the possibilities of constructing fire-proof buildings; and as theatre after theatre is destroyed by fire, they only look back with thankful wonder at the hairbreadth escapes which averted the loss of hundreds of lives when of late years Covent Garden and the Surrey were burnt. Expanding this lesson of the danger which we all run from fire, the occasion is not an unsuitable one for inquiring whether the present law about the construction of public buildings is sufficiently strict, whether the Lord Chamberlain's special supervision of theatres is adequate, and whether the renovated Fire Brigade is equal to its duties; and, above all, whether it would not be prudent to attempt something in the way of prevention of fires, since it seems to be tolerably plain that we can do nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of extinguishing them by our present appliances, aided though they are by steam power.

If we could divest ourselves of all feeling in the matter, and decline any sympathy with the losses inflicted on the enterprising lessee, Mr. Mapleson, and on an industrious and meritorious body of people, and if we could coldly and unphilosophically refuse to believe that public and civilizing interests suffer by the abeyance of an institution which, like the lyric drama, conduces much, not only to the elegant relaxation of cultivated minds, but to fostering and developing principles of taste, we should not have much to regret in the destruction of the old Opera House. *Exoriare aliquis.* We may reasonably expect that, many as were the merits of the house in the Haymarket—the Opera House, the venerable Titan whom many persons are old-fashioned enough to prefer to the upstart Olympus of Covent Garden—the Italian Opera of the future will be an improvement on the large and, for its epoch, unrivalled house which has just been destroyed. It is perhaps too much to suppose that we shall be able in dingy London to rival that gay and ornate structure which the exuberance of French taste has just created in Paris; but we have a great opportunity, which public spirit and convenience will not, we trust, permit to be thrown away. The same necessities of social life which in the last century planted the Opera in a more congenial quarter than the slums of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, now more than ever require that the immediate neighbourhood of Charing Cross should be the sacred site of Terpsichore and Calliope, or whoever the deities are who preside over the mysteries celebrated in bravura and *entrechat*. The capitals of Europe have long maintained a rivalry in the convenience, size, and splendour of their respective Opera Houses; and although a small Italian city, in the majestic La Scala, takes the first place, it is something like a reproach to us that the Opera House of the distant and semi-barbarous Havana is said to exceed most, if not all, of our achievements in this important class of public buildings. At present we do not seem to have profited much by the very serious and explicit hints which we have received; and, with the single exception of Mr. Barry's Covent Garden, the construction of theatres is the opprobrium of modern English art. Novosielski's Opera House in the Haymarket—who was Novosielski?—was exceeded in size by the lyric theatres of Naples and Genoa, as well as of Milan; our new Covent Garden only takes the sixth place; and assuming, though we have few details, that the new Paris Opera House takes, for some purposes, the first, or a very high, place, we have

a good deal to retrieve in the European race. The French architect has covered twice and a half the whole extent of La Scala of Milan; but (we quote Mr. Fergusson) as he only intends to accommodate 2,000 persons in the auditorium, the result is that three-quarters of this huge space in Paris are devoted to the accessories. The late Opera House was constructed mainly in imitation, on a reduced scale, of La Scala, and its faults were on the surface. Considerable skill was displayed in the interior, but the exterior possessed no monumental character, and it survived long enough to be a standing reply to the eccentric doctrine of a recent *Quarterly Reviewer*, that a confused congeries of shops and dwelling-houses nailed on to the surface of an independent building could, by their practical, but not pleasing, utilitarianism, compensate for the total absence of an elegant *façade*. In the way of site we stand at an advantage as compared with Paris, and the awkward angle at which the new French Opera House defies the Boulevard des Italiens is fatal to true architectural effect; while the solid rectangular site in Pall Mall is one which leaves nothing to desire. The rapid and total catastrophe of last week has brought out strongly the amazing absurdity of closing one side of such a building with that horrible alley, the Opera Arcade; the existence of which, and the accidental current of the wind, must have made any attempt to arrest the fire nugatory. It is not too much to say that the stress and drift of the flames was such as to render them from the first inaccessible; and the only side of the building which the engines ought to have commanded was almost hermetically sealed. The first conditions of a theatre are that it should be easy of access on all sides; that it should not be encumbered with the danger and unsightliness of combustible shops; and, above all, that people should be enabled to get out of it by an abundance of *comitoria*, as well as get at it and into it by a multiplicity of stage and property doors. It is something frightful to look back at what might have been the consequences of a sudden outbreak of fire while an audience was assembled in the late Opera House, with only the scanty exits provided in the shabby doorway in the Haymarket and in the miserable hole in the wall half-way up the close alley of the Opera Arcade. Exeter Hall is not much better, and it is with an inward shudder that we survey the narrow frontages of the Adelphi, the Olympic, and the Haymarket.

These things, at any rate, ought to be matters of official superintendence, and while district surveyors make many fees, at vast public inconvenience, by interfering, often unnecessarily, with the construction of private houses, our large public buildings are left without any other conditions of security than those imposed by the knowledge and experience which is, or is not, possessed by the architect. The present opportunity is one of rare occurrence. A theatre of the first class is only second to a cathedral in importance; and we may well despair of our age if we repeat the blunders from which we have been released. Just as it is to be hoped that all the ugly memories of the innumerable lawsuits, the misfortunes and intrigues and difficulties, which have so pertinaciously beset this ill-starred institution from the very day of its birth, are for ever obliterated by its final extinction, so we trust that the Phoenix—we are not too proud to fall back upon "that useful and much-abused bird the Phoenix"—will build a new, and may it be a permanent, nest on the old site, a site which deserves something of the well-worn encomium on Trafalgar Square. The front towards Pall Mall, surrounded as it is by the palatial clubs, demands what scarcely a theatre in Europe possesses—a dignified and, above all, an expressive front. The late Opera House only possessed the caricature of an elevation, and the Haymarket has forfeited all claims to the place of dignity. Although the citizens of London have had the bad taste to encumber their ambitious, but by no means successful, Exchange with a fringe of mean rabbit-hutches, we do not suppose that cigar-shops will again be allowed to cling like parasites to another of the first-class theatres; and, if it is drawing too much on the resources of an architectural dreamland to expect that the new "Lyric Temple" should cover the whole quadrangle marked respectively by the Haymarket, Pall Mall, Waterloo Place, and Charles Street, even at present we have two available frontages—the principal one, for the audience to the south; and a secondary one, for stage performances, to the east, that is, in the Haymarket. The internal arrangements, the proportion of auditory to stage, and the curve of construction ought, in the extant state of acoustic science, to present no difficulty to an architect who will give himself the trouble to learn. But there seems to be no reason why a theatre should be constructed, as all modern theatres are, of the most inflammable substances. It is quite true that the ancient theatres were used for out-of-door purposes; but, except on the score of expense, we might surely adapt to our modern boxes and lobbies and galleries the solid stone constructions of the Roman Amphitheatre, or even of the Plaza de Toros at Seville, erected during the last century. Only let our architects understand that a theatre, in its interior, is a matter of science, and that its exterior affords great opportunities for the exercise not only of common sense, but, in its dimensions and uses, for the display of grandiose proportions and suitability to a complex but intelligible idea, and we have but one fear. If we are to have a spacious portico, let us take care that it be one which, unlike that of Covent Garden, can be used. The fatal blight which has ruined theatres hitherto we hardly expect to be averted by munificence and public spirit on such a scale as the occasion

requires. Mr. Fergusson's words are ominous:—"Our theatres would be by far the most satisfactory of our architectural productions if it were not that, in almost all cases, economy is one of the first exigencies to be attended to. With very few exceptions, theatres are private commercial speculations, got up for the purpose of making money; and even when Governments assist or interfere, economy of space, if not of money, has always to be attended to, one consequence of which is that no theatre in Europe is constructed internally of such durable materials as are requisite to architectural effect"—and, let us add, necessary for public safety. Of one thing we may venture to record our earnest hope. If we cannot get a first-rate lyric theatre—making use of all the advantages of site, scientific and permanent construction, and nobleness of elevation, which in this case we possess—let us go without a new Opera House. The one thing to be dreaded is another *fiasco*, and the crown and finish of the long series of our architectural blunders and failures in London.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PRISONERS.

A LETTER published in the *Times* on Monday, with the signature "A Catholic Magistrate," raises a question which ought not to be left unsettled beyond the present Session of Parliament. It has been rather the fashion of late years to compromise with inconvenient opposition by what is called permissive legislation. When the Government wishes something to be done, it contents itself with getting a law passed allowing anybody who likes to do it. Of course this system has its advantages. It is only a very determined dog in the manger that will object to other people being left free to act so long as he himself is left equally free to abstain from acting. Against this, however, must be set the fact that in most cases of the kind those who choose to avail themselves of the law have done so without waiting for it, and that the demand for its enactment has usually been called forth by the obvious benefits to be derived from making this precedent universal. Under these circumstances it is only a small reform to give a Parliamentary permission to what is already in operation, instead of extending the operation itself by the weight of a Parliamentary command. The Sabbatarian interest, for example, would hardly be conciliated by a law providing that six-day cabs might, if they liked, stay at home on Sundays; and yet this imaginary instance of permissive legislation is in no way more absurd than many of the actual instances with which the Statute-book abounds. Let us take the case with which the letter we have referred to deals—the "Prison Ministers' Act." The state of things supposed to necessitate that Act was this:—In some few county and borough prisons the justices had seen the fairness to the prisoners, and the benefit to the community, of bringing the Roman Catholics confined in them under the reforming influences of the religion they profess. In all but these few prisons the justices, either from indifference or from prejudice, had refused to take any step of the kind. There grew up in time a strong feeling—originating, as was natural, among Roman Catholics, but in the end by no means confined to them—that this refusal was alike discreditable to the character, and prejudicial to the interests, of the country; and the natural consequence of this feeling was a demand that the many prisons should, in respect of their arrangements for the reformation of Roman Catholic prisoners, be assimilated to the few. This demand was met by an Act which prescribed that, where the number of prisoners not of the Established Church confined in any prison is so great as in the opinion of the justices to require a minister of their own persuasion, the justices may appoint a minister to attend them, and may, if they think fit, pay him for his trouble; and further that, in default of such appointment, the visiting justices of any prison may, if they think fit, permit a minister to visit any prisoner of his own persuasion who does not object to it. Certainly there is no lack of the permissive element here. The precise number of prisoners which may be considered to need the provision of religious instruction; the appointment of a minister when this need has been recognised; the payment of the minister when appointed; the grant of leave to some other minister to visit, failing a regular appointment—are all left to the discretion of the local magistrates. And then, to crown all, the operation of the Act in the case of any given prisoner is made to depend upon the discretion of the prisoner himself. He is only to be visited if he does not object to it. It is not surprising that such an Act as this has practically been a dead letter. It is true that by a subsequent statute one of its provisions was made compulsory, and the justices are now ordered to allow a minister not of the Established Church to visit such prisoners of his own persuasion as may be willing to receive his visits. Even this provision, however, has been very partially complied with, and generally it may be said that such facilities of access to prisoners as were enjoyed by Roman Catholic priests before the change in the law are enjoyed by them now without any material addition.

We do not say that permissive legislation, formally absurd as it doubtless is, may not be useful at times. It is occasionally desirable to wheedle people into doing their duty; and if any one is more likely to be brought to this point by contemplating an Act of Parliament from the exalted position of a man dispensed from obeying it, it may be worth while to give him the opportunity. But the virtue of this expedient is only temporary, and the four years that have elapsed since the passing of the Prison Ministers' Act are fully sufficient to exhaust the benefits of the permissive system.

The letter of "A Catholic Magistrate" tells how it has worked in Middlesex. In Coldbath Fields Prison the Roman Catholic prisoners average about 300; in the Westminster House of Correction about 200; and something like 4,000 prisoners of that religion pass through the two gaols in the course of the year. As soon as the Act of 1863 became law, the justices in Quarter Sessions at Clerkenwell were petitioned to appoint Roman Catholic chaplains to the two prisons, "but the proposal was negatived by a large majority." Applications were then made to the visiting justices of all the Middlesex prisons to allow a priest to visit the Roman Catholic prisoners without payment, "but these applications were only partially granted." It might have been thought that the Act of 1865, which made this last concession compulsory upon the justices, would so far have remedied the evil. But the writer of the letter informs us that "although many of the Protestant magistrates have shown themselves most ready to carry out the Acts, the majority say that they cannot be parties to the teaching of a religion of which they do not approve; and so, after scenes of unseemly theological discussion, nothing effectual has been done." By degrees, indeed, the visits of the priests have been more and more permitted, but the restrictions with which the permission is surrounded are such as virtually to reduce it to a nullity. At Coldbath Fields some dawning respect for religious liberty seems at last to have made its appearance, since the visiting justices have lately authorized the performance of Divine service for the Roman Catholic prisoners, though the accommodation provided is not at present sufficient to allow of all the prisoners being present at once. In the other prisons in Middlesex no service is allowed to be held; and at Westminster an application to that effect "has been lately deliberately refused." It is much the same with regard to religious instruction. However numerous the prisoners may be, it is by no means the rule that the priest should assemble them for religious instruction. At Coldbath Fields, with its 300 prisoners, he is allowed to address 20 at once. At Westminster, with its 200, he is forbidden to instruct more than one at a time. If we take England generally it is the same story over again. In a very few prisons—"seven or eight perhaps," according to the "Catholic Magistrate"—the intention of the Act is fairly carried out; and a Roman Catholic chaplain has been appointed, whose duty it is to provide all the Roman Catholic prisoners with opportunities of religious instruction and worship. In some others partial concessions have been made. The priest may visit the prisoners, but not address them collectively; or he may assemble them for instruction, but not for service. In many more the old restrictions are still in full force, and a prisoner who has not asked to see a priest remains free from all possible religious influences—at least of a kind he has any belief in—from the day he enters the prison till the day he leaves it.

It is quite clear, therefore, that in this instance permissive legislation has been a failure. The persons whom it was designed to influence have been proof against the blandishments of a law which proclaims, by way of preamble, Obey me or not as you choose. Indeed, they have every right to say that, as the law leaves it wholly to their own judgment whether to take any step in the matter or not, they are equally obeying it by doing nothing. The question is thus put back into the condition in which it stood before the Act of 1863. Upon the attempt then made nothing worth speaking of has followed. Is it desirable to make a further and more effectual move in the same direction in 1868? In answering this question, one thing, we think, is clear. We ought either to make such a move, or to abolish the office of Gaol Chaplain altogether. The theory on which the office is instituted is, first, that having got a criminal at our disposal for a certain number of months or years, it is well to do what we can in the way of reforming him during the time; and secondly, that the only way of reforming him is to bring him under religious influences. With this object a chaplain is appointed, who assembles the prisoners for public worship and instruction, who visits them individually whether they wish his visits or not, and who devotes to these various duties the whole of his working time—some five or six hours perhaps every day. Here is an intelligible system. What is not intelligible is, why the same system should not be applied to Roman Catholic prisoners. Of the two, the chances of a favourable result are decidedly greater in the case of the latter, because the Roman Catholic from early training and habit is the more likely to attend to the priest's admonitions. Even the opponents of a compulsory Act unconsciously admit this, since one argument occasionally used by them is that the appointment of Roman Catholic chaplains is a discouragement to those among the Roman Catholic prisoners who desire to emancipate themselves from sacerdotal dictation. We confess that, so far as criminals are concerned, we have no desire to further this emancipatory process. Sacerdotal dictation will usually be on the side of the Ten Commandments, and those who are subject to it will at least be less likely to become inmates of a prison again. This extremely elementary truth has for some time been recognised in the Government prisons, with the most satisfactory results; and the effect which religion has had in the case of the greater criminal will hardly be wholly wanting in the case of the lesser. Men who have only deserved imprisonment can scarcely be more hardened in guilt than men who have deserved penal servitude. The practice, therefore, of allowing a Roman Catholic prisoner to object to the visits of a priest is equivalent to an exemption of the men who most need reformation from the only channel through which it is likely to reach them. At all events, if there is any reason for it which we have failed

to grasp, the policy should be implied impartially. If the visit of a Roman Catholic clergyman is an offence to the lay susceptibilities of a Roman Catholic prisoner, the visit of a Protestant clergyman must be equally an offence to the lay susceptibilities of a Protestant prisoner. The plain duty of the Legislature is to place the two officials who are there for the same purpose upon a precisely similar footing. The appointment of chaplains of the various religions professed by the prisoners should be compulsory on the justices, the arrangements for worship and instruction should be identical, and the regulations as to the number and times of the chaplains' visits should apply equally to all. The question is in reality so simple that we have preferred to discuss it on the most obvious and commonplace grounds. Other arguments might be alleged of equal practical, and even greater theoretical, weight; but where one is absolutely conclusive it is well perhaps not to sacrifice the apparent simplicity which is secured by the employment of a single plea. All the reasons that are availed to get the Prison Ministers' Act passed originally are equally applicable to the question of making it a really working measure. It is not such now; and until Parliament interferes to make the visiting justices merely the agents for putting a compulsory law into execution, there is no chance of its becoming such.

WORKHOUSES.

THE Farnham inquiry has closed without producing in its latter stages any results very widely differing from the normal products of similar investigations. A workhouse inquiry begins to remind us of a theatrical representation in which the actors are changed, but the parts remain substantially unaltered. A few telling incidents are introduced from time to time, but the main action is repeated in all its essential characteristics. The tragedy, we may say, of the Distressed Pauper has been brought out with great success at Farnham. The scenery was admirably got up, and in perfect keeping with the characters represented. Perhaps the most striking scene was that described as the "stalactite cave of filth," the preparation of which must have cost the labour of many months. A very powerful and original incident was the descent of the epileptic pauper into the cesspool. Some of the spectators found it, indeed, a little too strong for their stomachs, and preferred the scorching of the dying girl, or the less melodramatic but more touching scene of the deserted children, with all their toys broken. The regular characters were all well supported. The blustering autocrat, whose prototype may be found in the Gessler of *William Tell*, was rendered most forcibly by the late master of the workhouse. The part of William Tell himself has unfortunately to be taken by an outsider, as there is at present a great deficiency of the material from which village Hampdens are generally formed; at least we have not lately discovered any qualified performer amongst the inhabitants of workhouses. The gentleman, however, commissioned by the *Lancet* appears to have discharged his part with great spirit and success. The chorus of imbecile old men was, as usual, admirably represented by the Guardians. Of course, too, we had the comic blustering military gentleman, whose appearance is some relief to the otherwise painful monotony of the proceedings. On this occasion he came out with much vigour in the customary denunciation of newspaper claptrap and sensation articles; and showed unusual spirit in declaring that tramps were a class of human beings for whom any accommodation was too good, and who ought to be summarily put down by locking them up in an overcrowded pigsty, and giving them nothing to eat. Perhaps he rather exceeded even the license allowed to a sensational drama, in declaring that the paupers were better cared for than the subalterns in Her Majesty's Service. The remark, however, was in strict keeping with the character. In conclusion, we ought to observe that the piece was announced for indefinite repetition, and that there are several country parishes which have already put in a claim to provide the necessary scenery for the next representation.

The only thing to be said against the performance is that the time selected is perhaps rather unfortunate. We are at the beginning of a winter season in which unusual hardships may be expected. We have already had some of those dismal starvation stories from the East-end of London to which it is impossible for the comfortable classes to listen without some misgivings. In one respect, there is some small degree of comfort to be derived even from the heartbreaking accounts of the literal starving to death of a whole family which was lately in a position of comparative comfort. If it is melancholy that people should actually die of want in the richest city in the world, there is something to admire about the spirit which accepts any amount of misery rather than appeal to public charity. There is evidently an almost heroic desire of independence among many families who are just trembling on the verge of pauperism, with very small hopes of keeping themselves permanently out of the abyss. Unfortunately, we cannot expect such a spirit to survive very long in presence of a steadily accumulating weight of misery. Extreme poverty is necessarily demoralizing. There seems to be a danger that a large district may be thoroughly pauperized; the small shopkeepers and the better classes of artisans are scarcely better off than those who have been forced to give up the struggle, and sink down to the receipt of public charity. The fact that they have still the courage to hold on almost against hope makes the prospect the more distressing; for it may take an indefi-

nite time to restore the spirit which has once been thoroughly broken. It is stated that the Guardians of the poor are energetically endeavouring to give such relief as is in their power. Unluckily, we already hear complaints that they are unable to grapple with the evil in the most effective way. The public help, it is said, is given on such a system as to reach the noisiest and worst classes of the population rather than those who are endeavouring to help themselves. It would be most desirable to seek out the suffering poor who are too proud to join in a scramble for relief; instead of which the present system leads to helping the idle beggars, and leaving the better class to starve for want of assistance. When the pressure is so great, it is impossible to look too scrupulously into the means adopted for giving temporary relief. The enemy must be met with such weapons as we happen to have at hand. The incapacity, however, to do better brings out the defects of the present system of the Poor-law. At Farnham we are merely treated to an illustration on a small scale of some of the existing shortcomings. The whole number of paupers is trifling, and a much greater mass of misery might pass altogether unnoticed in a few back lanes of a large quarter of London. But the illustration may be useful as a hand-specimen in a scientific lecture; and the most unpleasant part of it is that it suggests doubts as to the working of the whole machinery of which it is an insignificant fraction. If this wheel works so badly, is there not a danger of far more important breaks-down under any unusual pressure? Such doubts are, as we have said, specially unwelcome just at the present moment. The general evil indicated by such cases as Farnham seems to be a want of any intelligent purpose, and the entrusting of an important public function to persons who are incapable of looking at their duties from any but the narrowest view of parochial economy; and such an evil will make itself felt, whether in the permanent management of a small country workhouse or in the effort to meet a sudden and overwhelming pressure of far greater dimensions.

The more we look into the Farnham case the more plainly we discover the extent of the evil indicated. A workhouse, as has been repeatedly observed, is a jumble of various entirely distinct institutions. It is an almshouse for superannuated paupers; it is a State hospital for the sick for all sorts of diseases; it is a penitentiary for the idle and able-bodied; it is a school for deserted children; it is an occasional refuge for wandering "casuals." As it was primarily designed to discharge only one of these functions—namely, to prevent any one from starving, and at the same time to burden the assistance extended with so many unpleasant conditions as to prevent its being accepted in any but cases of absolute necessity—this particular function seems to be discharged indifferently well. The typical workhouse master is certainly the sort of person to make the charity which he administers as unpleasant a boon as possible. But when he comes to be put over a school, and a hospital, and an almshouse, and when these functions become the most important of the whole, he naturally turns out to be singularly unfit for his place. When we ask how he is to be kept up to his duty, the answer is equally unsatisfactory. The Guardians are doubtless all honourable men, and anxious to make their workhouses model institutions; but everybody knows the advantage which the acting official has over a Board which makes spasmodic attempts to interfere with him, and the extreme satisfaction produced by inducing the whole party to work harmoniously together, or, in other words, by allowing the master to do exactly what he pleases. It is the easiest thing in the world for an active official of any kind to convert a superintending committee into a superfluous wheel in the machinery, which goes on spinning and humming to its own intense satisfaction, but is quite disconnected with any practical work in the place. Moreover, the Guardians, with the best desire in the world to do their duty, are generally incompetent to discover existing evils. To look into hospital arrangements, for example, requires a certain degree of special knowledge, an experience showing what to look for and how to look at it, which Guardians in general cannot be expected to possess. And here comes in another authority which ought to keep the workhouses up to the mark. The official Inspectors are always going about inspecting, and ought to detect the evils which may be invisible to non-professional eyes. Unfortunately, experience proves that we cannot rely with any confidence upon their agency. The Inspectors, of course, deserve every compliment which Lord Devon, or any other Minister, can possibly pay them. Only somehow, as a matter of fact, perhaps because they do not possess the requisite technical knowledge, they too have the art of seeing things with their eyes shut. They manage to pass by stalactite caves of filth, and other enormities, without seeing or smelling the stalactites. We cannot speculate with any certainty as to the causes of this variety of colour blindness which makes a man quite insensible to certain objects which might be expected to affect his powers of vision. It might be suggested that the evil lies in a want of proper authority. There is no good in detecting an evil if you can't cure it. It is better to declare that a room is perfectly clean, if you may not order in the soap and water by your own authority; and it is heart-breaking to go on giving advice without claiming attention—it is certainly pleasanter to keep things quiet. The natural suggestion would be that, if this is the cause of the evil, we should give more power to the central authority. The Poor-law Board naturally say that, if anything goes wrong, it is because they have not the power to put it right. They go on "nagging" for years at a Board of Guardians; and the Board of Guardians, by way of reply, may simply fold its hands or

discover incessant difficulties in detail. Certainly, by conferring increased authority on the Central Board, we might expect to get some larger share of that intelligence the want of which is the conspicuous defect of the system. Here, however, we meet with another class of sceptics. There are, it seems, persons bold enough to deny the attribute of perfect wisdom even to the highest officials in the country. For example, there has been an expenditure of several millions upon the different country workhouses in a few years; the buildings have received the approval of the Poor-law Board in every detail; yet there is scarcely a single workhouse which can be said to be properly adapted to its purpose. Even if we invoke the *deus ex machina* who is to come down and cut the knot for us, we are not perfectly certain that the god will prove himself to be altogether adequate to the occasion. By all means let us give more power, but we must take care that it is accompanied by a corresponding increase of intelligence in its application.

The inference would seem to be that we cannot expect to put matters straight simply by shifting the power from one part of the machinery to another. The present arrangement is defective because each body concerned can throw the responsibility upon its neighbour; it would be an improvement if we could definitely fix the responsibility by determining where the authority lies, and events have shown conclusively that it cannot be satisfactorily placed with the local bodies which have so signally broken down. Still something more is required to make so cumbrous an arrangement work effectively, and that something apparently involves a reorganization of the system. For example, an improved classification of the sick is one of the most obvious necessities. The formation of hospitals corresponding to those founded under the late Act in London would disengage one from the jumble of incoherent institutions which are scattered up and down in the country workhouses, and they might be easily subjected to a specially educated and effective system of inspection. The problem of suppressing able-bodied pauperism would be attempted with better prospects of success when no longer complicated with an entirely different task. The difficulties presented would indeed be sufficiently great even where no special pressure exists, but we could be more hopeful of results when the objects of Poor-law relief were more intelligibly classified and defined; and perhaps, at some distant period, we might look on without the certainty of a disgraceful break-down whenever an unusual strain is produced by occasional calamities.

THE GIBRALTAR AND PLYMOUTH DEFENCES.

THE vast sums expended on the investigations of the Iron-Plate and Ordnance Committees have occasionally been made the subject of complaint; and the invariable answer of the Government has been that it is better to incur a considerable outlay in trying preliminary experiments than to waste a hundred times as much in the manufacture of guns that will not penetrate, and defences that fail to protect. In principle this answer admitted of no rejoinder, and those who know most about the progress of the science of artillery will be the last to object to the cost of the most searching tests that can be applied to new guns or new armour. If, however, this expenditure is unavoidable, the least thing to be expected is that the country should reap the full benefit of its prudent outlay. The object of the numerous trials of targets and guns at Shoeburyness is something more than the gratification of a mere scientific curiosity; and unless we do make use of our experiments as a means of preventing the construction on a large scale of useless material of war, it will be difficult to justify the enormous consumption of powder, shot, shell, and target material which is constantly going on.

There is something so perverse and unintelligible about the action of the War Office that no one will have been surprised to learn that the patterns ordered for actual service, at enormous cost, are precisely those on which no experiments, or no adequate experiments, have been made. Even this is rather overstating the case in favour of the Government; for in some instances principles of construction have been adopted which are not merely unsupported, but actually condemned, by the results of experiment. The War Office seems of late to have borrowed from the Admiralty that faculty of stubborn resistance to obvious common sense which has always distinguished our naval Board, and all the pressure that can be applied seems to have little effect in bringing Sir John Pakington back to a rational course of proceeding. But for long and weary experience, it would be almost impossible to credit the narrative of recent progress in the matter of armour and guns. The facts, however, are not disputed.

It has been determined to employ iron plates as a protection for the defences of Malta and Gibraltar, and of the Plymouth and Bermuda forts. The designs for these shields were made, some thirty or forty of them were despatched, and they are now in course of being fixed at Gibraltar without any preliminary trial having taken place. It had long since been ascertained by the Iron-Plate Committee, among the many valuable results at which they arrived, that there was a great loss of strength by using laminated instead of solid plates for defence; so great indeed that a shield 15 inches thick, if divided into three layers each of 5-inch iron, might after a short time be knocked to pieces even by our 12½-ton gun. With this knowledge in their possession, the War Office proceeded to construct the Gibraltar shield in layers of three

plates—one 5½ inches, another 5 inches, and the last 1½ inch thick. That they were not wholly oblivious of the Report of the Iron-Plate Committee may be assumed from the fact that they took care to contract for the manufacture of the plates, and to send some of them out to be fitted before exposing them to the risks of a preliminary trial. Some observations in Parliament towards the end of the last Session compelled Sir John Pakington to promise that the shields should be tested before any more of the public money was wasted, and accordingly, in October last, a secret trial of a Gibraltar target was made, the result of which soon oozed out, and was simply this, that the 12½-ton gun had smashed the target to pieces. Having ascertained this rather dismal fact, Sir John Pakington took no steps to stop the work going on at Gibraltar in mounting these very showy and utterly useless facings for the fortress; and but for the autumn Session, we suppose nothing would have been done to repair the blunder so long as it could be left undone. However, the House of Commons has again brought pressure to bear, and a Committee is appointed to make further trials of the unfortunate Gibraltar defences. The result, if the experiments are fairly conducted, is, we fear, only too certain.

While the public money was being thus wantonly squandered at Gibraltar, a similar course was taken in constructing the defences of Plymouth. The shields for the Breakwater fort have been designed, put out to tender, contracted for, and commenced without any preliminary experiment. In the opinion of good judges, the designs are in some particulars defective, and of a strength insufficient to stand the shock of such artillery as may be brought against them. Whether this will turn out to be the case or not will be known as soon as the Government have come to the end of their dilatory preparations for the experiments which they have reluctantly promised. But whatever may be the merit of the design, the folly of making the contract first and the trial afterwards cannot be excused, even by the most fortunate results. And no thanks are due to Sir John Pakington for the tardy trial which, in this as in the Gibraltar case, he has been forced to concede. Even now it is evident that the desire of making things pleasant predominates over the wish to apply the strictest test to armour, on which the security of our most important fortresses and dockyards must depend. The promise, it is true, has been extorted that the experiments shall be public; but nothing could induce the War Minister to pledge himself that the target used should be a facsimile of the shields, and that the artillery brought against it should be the most powerful in our possession—namely, the 22-ton gun and the American 15-inch Rodman. The target, it seems, is to have additional support, in order to compensate for the loss of solidity in being fired at as a detached plate, instead of a part of the continuous facing of a fort. It is obvious, however, that the value of the experiment will be small indeed if it is to depend on mere estimate; and unless the exact construction of the shields is followed, no one can do more than guess whether the target may not have gained more by the added parts than it will have lost by being detached. It is quite possible that experiments on a single facsimile target might leave a small margin in favour of the forts, but certainly not so large as the adverse margin given by the fact that the largest guns we can test it with are of 13 and 15-inch calibre, while the Americans have already manufactured 20-inch, and are engaged in the construction of 30-inch guns. There is no excuse, therefore, for vitiating the trial by departing from the pattern according to which the work has already been contracted for; and it is at any rate some satisfaction to know that, though it is in the power of the War Office to make the trials worthless, they cannot easily make them delusive in the presence of the public.

The most disheartening feature of the whole matter is not even the reckless blundering which is implied by keeping up a staff for the express purpose of making costly experiments, and then entering into the most onerous contracts without reference to, and indeed in direct defiance of, the results of those experiments. This is bad enough, but it is much worse to see (as one cannot help seeing) that every nerve is strained by the Government to wring a favourable issue out of the forthcoming trials. Evidently it is regarded as much more important that the sagacity of the War Office should not be impugned than that Plymouth and Gibraltar should be safe. The personal side of the question (as is too often the case in England) is deemed more interesting than the national side; and an investigation in which the first object of every one should be to test to the utmost the defences on which the country will have to rely, seems to be regarded mainly as a sort of impeachment of the War Office, in which a verdict for the defence is to be obtained by all the means which may be available. It is unfortunate that Ministers, especially in our great constructive departments, should not be able to rise to a higher level than this. We might then hope some day to see questions between turrets and broadsides, Armstrongs, Whitworths, and Rodmans, official targets and those designed by presumptuous outsiders, decided on their merits. Official infallibility might receive some rude shocks, but they would be more than compensated by the admiration that would be felt for men willing to make the country safe even at the cost of admitting their own past blunders. As human nature goes, perhaps this is a Utopian dream.

THE ALTON MURDER.

THE murder of the little girl at Alton last autumn horrified everybody at the time when it was committed; but such is the rapidity with which events follow each other, that it requires an effort of memory to connect the remarkable trial which has just terminated at Winchester in the conviction of the murderer Baker, with the tragedy of August. The mere pity and terror which surrounded the matter, arising from the fact that an innocent child of tender years had been foully murdered and torn in pieces, for the purpose, it could scarcely be doubted, of concealing the signs of atrocities even worse than murder, were enough to rouse the extreme of public indignation; and it is perhaps as well that so long a time has elapsed between the commission of the crime and the late trial. In the interests of justice it is sometimes useful that the first burst of indignation at an atrocious deed should have time to subside; and though innocent persons may well complain of the tardiness of the recurrence of an assize, it may be better for prisoners generally that some considerable interval should elapse. It is scarcely necessary to give more than a rapid summary of the facts of the Alton murder. A young child, playing about the fields with several companions early in an August afternoon, was decoyed into a hop-ground, murdered, and cut to pieces. The horrid deed was discovered before nightfall; and it soon came out that a lawyer's clerk, one Baker, had been seen on the spot. He was identified as the man who had been last seen in company with the children, to whom he had given halfpence, and it was proved that he had taken away the murdered child; and it was also proved that he had been absent that afternoon from his employment for two intervals—one of something more, and one of something less, than two hours. During this second absence he was addressed by the mother of the missing child, and, though he professed ignorance as to her disappearance, he seems to have admitted that he had seen her, and had given her money. On his return to the office in which he was employed, he appeared anxious, spoke of the child's murder, canvassed the possibility of his being charged with it, and seems to have meditated, or at any rate mentioned, the possibility of his flight. However, he was arrested the same night; and, on searching him, traces of blood were found on his clothes, his boots and stockings were discovered to have been recently washed, though the day was fine and dry, and two small knives, one of them very slightly stained with blood, were found in his pocket; and—which is the most remarkable incident in this chain of evidence—his diary, very carefully kept, contained this most extraordinary entry:—"24 August. Saturday.—Killed a young girl. Fine and hot."

As to the circumstantial evidence, it seems to have been complete; and what is very remarkable is that the fatal entry in the diary must have been made before the remains of the murdered child were discovered. At the time of Baker's interview with the mother, when he admitted having been in the child's company, she was only missing; and the inquiry made of Baker was not about a murdered, but a lost, child. The mutilated body was not found till half-past seven; the diary was kept locked up in the office, and Baker had finally left the office before seven o'clock—that is, before it had been discovered that a murder had been committed. In other words, the diary proved that Baker had recorded his knowledge that the child had been murdered before any other human being was aware of any murder at all. In addition to this, he actually spoke of the fact that the child was murdered to one of his fellow-clerks, when all that was known was that she could not be found. "If the child was murdered, he supposed he should be blamed." The defence might perhaps have been more successful, or at any rate it would have been more logical, had it not been so very ingeniously constructed as to attempt to cover too much ground. It was, as a desperate course, open to the prisoner's counsel to urge the usual plea of the vagueness of circumstantial evidence; as though it were possible in such a case that the evidence could be other than circumstantial—that is, that the chain should be constructed of links, some stronger and some weaker. This defence might have been adopted, but its success could only depend on its boldness and thoroughness, and above all, its exclusiveness. It was tried, but only in a hesitating, timorous way. The damning evidence of the diary was sought to be weakened by the very desperate gloss that, as the entry was not couched in the first person, it might only refer to a general historical statement of the fact that a girl had been killed. The rest of the defence—or rather of this part of the defence—consisted of the usual attempt to rest upon some slight discrepancies in the statements of the witnesses, the absence of motive, and, what had weight of a sort, of the allegation that the dismemberment of the body could not have been effected by either of the knives found in the prisoner's possession. The answer to this line of defence was palpable. As to the entry in the diary, its meaning was transparent, and its force indisputable, so far as it proved Baker's knowledge of the murder before it was known to anybody else; and as to the knife, the mutilation might have been effected by some instrument which had been thrown away. But something else was urged for the defence. If Baker had committed the murder, of course he must have been mad; it was a case of homicidal mania. The prisoner was weakly in body and mind, odd in manner, given to despondency; and one of his father's cousins was in a lunatic asylum. Here was the proper argumentative value of the entry in the diary; and if it had not been already attempted in

his defence to treat it as consistent with the prisoner's entire innocence, it might have been urged with considerable force as a proof of insanity. But—and we are not finding fault with Mr. Carter's defence—the prisoner's counsel seems to have tried to muddle and confuse the jury by presenting his two lines of defence in judicious confusion. It was not quite clear that the prisoner had done the deed; or, at any rate, if he did, he was most likely insane. In such a defence, counsel of course presume upon the inability of the jury to perceive that the plea of insanity stands the best, indeed the only, chance of success when the facts against the accused are unreservedly admitted. The plea of insanity ought in this case to have been urged either with extreme boldness, or not at all. Baker—so it might have been argued—did commit the deed; he did it too in a way so certain to be detected that this alone is a proof of madness. Not only did he murder the child, but he actually returned to the scene of the crime to mutilate the body; and, more than this, he threw himself in the way of the murdered child's mother, and did everything that he could to connect himself with the deed. He spoke of the murder before he was charged with it, indeed before it was known; and he went so far in his glaring object of bringing it home to himself that he was at the trouble of leaving a written record and proof that he had committed the deed.

Had this line, and this line alone, of defence been adopted, we are not so certain that it might not—or rather that it might not some time ago, before the homicidal mania dodge had been, as it now is, discredited—have been urged with some chance of success. We do not suppose that Hampshire jurymen are well versed in the difficult work of detecting fallacies; or that they ever heard of Johnson's saying, "There are objections against a *vacuum* and objections against a *plenum*;" but one of the two things must be true." But, by a rough and vulgar common sense, they must have perceived that either Baker did or did not murder the child; whereas the defence was, first, that perhaps he did not, and then that he did, but was not a responsible agent. And, under these circumstances, if we might venture to place ourselves in the position of the jury, the double and ambiguous presumptions thus suggested defeated their own ingenious object. The two presumptions were calculated mutually to weaken each other. Possibly, perhaps probably, Baker did not murder the child; probably, and very probably, he was mad when he did murder the child; and in this haze it was hoped perhaps that the jury might be so fogged as not to agree on a verdict. One would not much wonder if, in a very rough and unscientific way, these two pleas, so inconsistently urged for the defence, somehow strengthened each other. Yet the shred of doubt started as to the prisoner's actual guilt only lessened the force of the plea of actual insanity; while the plea of insanity, if urged at all, only strengthened the force of the direct evidence. It may be observed, in passing, that the attempt to start the old homicidal mania excuse was tried on this occasion under very unfavourable circumstances. If Baker was a madman, he somehow seems to have concealed his tendencies with remarkable skill; and certainly he was treated by the little world of Alton with extreme confidence in his perfect sanity. Indeed, for his station in life, Baker seems to have filled many and difficult positions, to discharge which a madman is not very likely to be entrusted. He was a lawyer's clerk, a savings' bank manager, member of several literary clubs, secretary to a discussion society, and a Sunday-school teacher of twelve years' experience. To say that a man may discharge all these duties, and discharge them well, and be a lunatic, is only to play the fool with language. Baker may be a lunatic for aught we care, if anybody likes the use of that word; but to say that a man living such a life, and discharging all these social functions with punctuality, dutifulness, and the respect and confidence of his fellows, is not responsible for his actions, is not so much silly as mischievous language, which, if it means anything, means that all social responsibility is nugatory, or, indeed, non-existent. If we are asked to say more, and if it is demanded how—to use once more a sounding phrase—we are to account for such a psychological phenomenon as Baker, so bloody and brutal and yet so blundering, our answer is that we profess to do no such thing. Aristotle somewhere speaks of what he calls the *θηριώδης*, the brutal or bestial man; and he draws the distinction that some are diseased, while some only lack, because they do not choose to employ, the faculty of self-restraint. This meets the case of such as Baker. We have no *rationale* of his state of mind, nor do we profess to explain it. We only say that he is responsible for his actions. We are not contending that the fact of a raving lunatic committing the crimes of Baker is an impossibility; but because the commission of such crimes by a lunatic is possible or probable, it does not follow that only a lunatic can commit them. In this case the proof that the prisoner was not a lunatic, and the proof that he did the murder, is unassailably and exceptionally strong; and when it is said that it is very strange that he should not have managed its concealment better, we may observe that it is a great mistake to look for anything but anomaly, extravagance, and inconsistency in the brutal or bestial man. The man who could violate, murder, and dismember a poor little girl is not to be judged by ordinary standards; and just as sensible people are not surprised at a great criminal protesting innocence to the last, and, as they say, going out of the world with a lie in his mouth, so it need cause no surprise—or at any rate need suggest no doubt about a murderer's guilt—that he does other things which are strange, unnatural, and altogether unexpected and unaccountable.

THE NEW POSTAL CONTRACTS.

THE new postal contracts made between the Government and the Peninsular and Oriental Company for the conveyance of the mails to and from India, China, and Japan, have been ratified by Parliament, and reported by the Company's Directors to their shareholders at their annual December meeting. The altered service will begin with February next, and is to last for twelve years certain; a reasonable period for proof, by the solid test of experience, whether the public on the one side, and the Company on the other, have made a fair and mutually profitable bargain. It is clear from the correspondence laid before Parliament that, as far as estimates based upon actual results of the past can go, all possible terms of agreement were most searchingly and honestly discussed between those who were most competent to judge as negotiators for the two parties. A certain amount of patriotic grumbling at the monstrously liberal scale of payment agreed to by the Government was naturally to be expected from independent members of Parliament more anxious to skin the marine flint than to look into the real equities of the case. The shareholders of the Company, who have received the strong discipline of a dividend-less year, in the working of which they have turned more than half their capital in actual expenditure with the return of a considerable loss, appear to have endorsed with sensible unanimity the discretion exercised in the negotiations with the Post Office by Directors whose interests were identical with their own.

There is no doubt that the public whose business is to write or to travel to India will find a considerable gain in personal convenience under the new regulations of the Peninsular and Oriental service. There will be a weekly despatch from London for Alexandria by Marseilles and by Southampton, corresponding with a weekly despatch from Suez for Bombay; fortnightly services from Suez to Ceylon, Madras and Calcutta, and from Bombay to Ceylon, China, and Japan. In other words, the communications between England and Bombay will be more than doubled; and to most other important Eastern ports there will be henceforth twenty-six voyages where there have been twenty-four. On the other hand, our not unimportant possession in the Mediterranean, Malta, which since the first establishment of the Overland route has been a common point in the Marseilles and Southampton lines, is to be comparatively left out in the cold. For the sake of saving 68 miles in a voyage of 1,500, the Marseilles mail will be carried by Messina to Alexandria, while the intercourse between Malta and England will be confined to the weary round via Gibraltar. The French packets from Marseilles to Alexandria already run by Messina, not by Malta. It may certainly be questioned whether it is a wise Imperial policy to isolate Malta from the Continent of Europe altogether, and practically to throw it five days of sea-voyage further from England. The Maltese, and the English residents in Malta, will undoubtedly be much aggrieved at this curtailment of their locomotive privileges. But it was no particular business of the Post Office to consider whether Malta would have a well or ill founded grievance; and so the Marseilles mail will save 68 miles, which is equivalent to seven hours in each voyage, and a considerable consumption of coal in the course of the year. Malta will thus at any rate become indifferent to the great question which looms in the postal future, of the substitution of Brindisi for Marseilles as the starting-point for the Mediterranean voyage.

The rate of speed provided for, under penalty, by the new contracts is ten miles an hour to the west of Suez, and nine and a half per hour to the east of Suez. The duration of stoppages at all intermediate points is of course to be fixed by the Postmaster-General; but it is understood that the new arrangement of the outward and home voyages will admit of the delivery of the Indian mail in London early every week, with three or four days' interval allowed before the departure of the next outward mail for India. Equal facilities for correspondence will, it is presumed, be the result at the Bombay end. Inasmuch as vessels can undoubtedly be constructed capable of a higher seagoing speed than ten knots an hour, irresponsible patriots who cannot understand why, under any circumstances, the postal subsidy for these contracts should be increased from its former scale, find equal cause for indignation in the fact that the Post Office has not insisted upon the Indian mail's travelling at a faster rate than under the old system. The travelling public would no doubt appreciate the boon of a single day cut off from the monotonous voyage to India; but, so far as the mails are concerned, it is clear that the corresponding public can look for no material advantage or convenience from the enforcement of a higher rate of speed, until at least half a week can be saved thereby in each outward and homeward voyage. The hours under steam between Marseilles and Bombay are by the contract calculated at 454. The deduction of half a week, or 84 hours, would force the mail vessels to a uniform speed of twelve miles an hour on either side of Suez; an increase of rate which would make a very certain difference in the consumption of fuel, and a very uncertain one in the results of the underwriting account by which the Peninsular and Oriental Company insures its own sea risks. If extra speed were to be an indispensable condition of the new mail-services, the addition in cost and risk would of course have to be taken into consideration in the bargain, and would have fallen on the country. As the last straw breaks the camel's back, so the last extra knot of speed forced out of a steam-vessel at a disproportionate cost destroys the legitimate commercial profits of the voyage. The State will always be able to make the easiest bargain for the partial use of vessels in the performance of its

mail-service, by conforming to the conditions which most directly tend to the independent commercial success of their owners.

The Government has been rather unnecessarily taken to task for its adoption of the "radically vicious principle of a State partnership" in a private concern. Let the country pay a fair price for the service performed, say the objectors to the form of the bargain, and then let the public have done with it. Why should Great Britain at large be drawn into any special interest in maintaining the monopoly and insuring the commercial prosperity of the Peninsular and Oriental Company? The so-called partnership, if strictly examined, will be recognised as substantially the most natural and equitable shape into which a bargain touching this particular matter could be moulded by two parties sincerely anxious to deal fairly by themselves and each other. The Directors of the Company made a tender to perform the required services for 500,000l. a year, and opened their whole accounts to the Postmaster-General, to satisfy him that they could not afford to name any lower sum. Their estimates (the substantial accuracy of which Mr. Scudamore, the agent of the Post Office, was obliged to concede) indicated that under present circumstances this subsidy would hardly provide a two per cent. dividend; which might, perhaps, be increased to a limit of seven per cent. in proportion to the general revival of Eastern trade. An offer to extend the term of the proposed contract from six to twelve years enabled Mr. Scudamore to modify favourably the estimates of the Company's future prospects which the Directors had drawn, in so far as the longer time allows greater chances for the development of a traffic commensurate with the increased ease of communication. But as such estimates are, after all, a matter of speculation, while the real test of the fair amount of remuneration will only be found in the accounts of the years over which the contract extends, the bargain is by mutual consent left open as to the exact sum to be paid in each year. 400,000l. is fixed as an average. If the Company's profits for any particular year, inclusive of this subsidy, should exceed the Directors' estimates so far as to provide the very moderate commercial dividend of six per cent., then for that year 400,000l. shall be deemed a fair and full payment for the carriage of the mails. If for any year the Directors' less sanguine expectations are justified by the net profit falling short of that amount, then the subsidy shall be increased (within the limit of the Directors' original tender for 500,000l.) to such a sum as will make up the six per cent. for that year. If in any year the development of profitable traffic keeps pace with Mr. Scudamore's brighter views so far as to produce, inclusive of the average subsidy, a clear return of more than eight per cent., then for that year a proportionate rebate from the average subsidy shall be granted to the Post Office upon all such excess of profit over eight per cent. In other words, the Post Office and the Company have mutually agreed to give and take whatever is fair and reasonable, and to refer the accuracy of the calculations upon which the exact amount to be taken as fair and reasonable depends to the most clearheaded and impartial arbitrator, Time.

The experiment of inviting competition for the performance of State services between Great Britain and her Imperial Indian dependency, "without any reference to nationality," appeared, from the debates of last Session, to have originated in a blundering misconception by the Treasury of the suggestions embodied in the Report of the Parliamentary Committee which sat in 1866 upon East Indian communications. It has, fortunately, ended in a happy futility. For reasons best known to themselves, the Messageries Impériales did not respond to the anxious desire expressed by our Treasury that they should bid against the Peninsular and Oriental Company. It appears that the French postal contracts are more elastic than ours, and permit the Messageries to consult their own convenience by sometimes anticipating the regular day of starting when a vessel is full, or deferring it when a vessel is empty; a course which would involve any English navigation Company entrusted with the mails, not only in serious penalties, but in a bombardment of indignant letters to the *Times*. The only foreign Company which did answer the Treasury's cosmopolitan invitation by a tender for a partial performance of the Mediterranean services was the Società Anonima Italiana, which expressed its readiness, upon certain conditions, to convey our Indian mails from Brindisi to Alexandria. It required, however, the insertion of a stipulation in the contract, providing for the not impossible contingency of the suspension of its regular service in consequence of Italy's being at war with some other Power; in which case the British Postmaster-General was to have power to require the contractors, on reasonable notice, to hire steamers for the conveyance of our Indian mails from Brindisi, on an extra scale of payment to be arranged when the necessity for such hiring should arise. We congratulate the country on having escaped so unsatisfactory a contingency. The acceptance of such a tender, or indeed of any foreign tender whatsoever, would have afforded an admirable instance of the formation of a State partnership upon radically vicious principles.

REVIEWS.

MOTLEY'S UNITED NETHERLANDS.—VOL. III.*

MR. MOTLEY, as his title-page will show, has somewhat changed the plan of his work. His original intention was to confine himself to Netherlands history—so far as in such a

* *History of the United Netherlands: from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609.* By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L. Vol. III. London: John Murray. 1867.

period it is possible for an historian to confine himself to the history of any particular country—and to carry his subject down to the Synod of Dort. He now stops at the Truce of 1609, when, as he says, "the Republic was formally admitted into the family of nations and its independence was virtually admitted by Spain." But he intends to continue his subject on a wider scale in the shape of a History of the Thirty Years' War, "with which the renewed conflict between the Dutch Commonwealth and the Spanish Monarchy was blended." This will bring him down to 1648, when the Peace of Westphalia brought with it the formal acknowledgment of the Netherland Confederation, and of the Swiss Confederation too, as separate States distinct from the Empire. We are glad to hear that Mr. Motley is already engaged on such a work. We are not aware of any English History of the Thirty Years' War at all worthy of the subject. And it is a subject with which Mr. Motley is in many respects well suited to deal. But on the other hand he must learn somewhat more thoroughly to check his ardent partisanship. Mr. Motley is by no means an unfair writer; but he is distinctly a partisan writer. He writes throughout as an ardent supporter of one side. And in the period through which he has as yet gone this partisanship is neither wonderful nor blameworthy. In the struggle between Philip and the Netherlands it is impossible not to take a side. Philip is so clearly in the wrong, and the Netherlands are so clearly in the right, that it is impossible not to take one's side unreservedly. And in the present stage of the war one does it even more unreservedly than at some earlier times. The armies of the Republic, under Maurice of Nassau, are now wholly free from those abominable cruelties with which some of the first deliverers returned the cruelties of the Spaniards. But in the German struggle we cannot take a side so unreservedly. No doubt the balance lies, on the whole, strongly in favour of the Northern or Protestant side. But it has considerable drawbacks. Europe was indeed saved from the dominion of the House of Austria. But it was only at the expense of giving some very dangerous advantages to the House of Bourbon. Elsass surrendered to the dominion of Paris is very far from a pleasant sight. The Protestant religion in Germany was saved, but one can hardly say that religious freedom gained; the Protestantism which won the day was, after all, a rather dull, unprogressive, prince-ridden sort of Protestantism, whose chief merit is to have done less damage to its material churches than any other form of Western Christianity. The Empire was weakened, but not in the interest of any better form of German nationality, unity, or freedom. What the Emperor lost the local princes gained, and became greater despots than ever. Even Gustavus Adolphus, hero as he undoubtedly is, is not a hero after the pattern of William the Silent. Mr. Motley will doubtless learn, in dealing with such a period, to weigh the balance between opposite sides in a way in which he has not been called upon to do it as yet. But he will do well to make himself ready for the necessity beforehand.

The reputation of Mr. Motley has been already made by his earlier volumes, and it is almost needless to say that the two volumes before us, the former of which we propose to examine at present, form a work of sterling merit. As compared with his countryman and predecessor Mr. Prescott, we may say in short that Mr. Motley as far surpasses Mr. Prescott in power as he falls below him in taste. Mr. Motley's matter has been good from the beginning. His manner is even now far from being equal to his matter, but it has been steadily improving. In the present instalment his style is far too often excited and sarcastic; he descends too often to small jokes and allusions; but there is nothing like the wild extravagance of many parts of his earlier volumes. He has better learned what true eloquence is, and there are several passages in the volume before us which may fairly lay claim to that name. Still he would do well even now to rein himself in on some points, and specially to restrain that love of talking about the devil, the devil's work, and so forth, which he shares with Mr. Froude.

The present volume opens immediately after the assassination of Henry the Third of France in 1589. It should, one would have thought, have ended with the death of Philip in 1598. It is probably on physical grounds that two chapters are added, one on the commercial enterprises of the Hollanders, which may fairly pass as an Appendix, while the other, by carrying on the main history a little later, decidedly spoils the symmetry of the division. Mr. Motley's chapters are short; he has luckily given up his old fashion of giving them sensation headings; indeed he has gone a little too far into the other extreme by giving no descriptive headings at all. And it is certainly a deficiency in a work of this class that there is no sort of marginal analysis beyond a few dates.

The Netherland history at this time is so closely connected with the general history of Europe that the present volume carries us over a very wide field. Spain appears as the great enemy, England as the chief ally; the western parts of Germany are themselves a part of the field of battle; and as for France, the historian of the struggle between Spain and the Netherlands can hardly help writing a history of France by the way. Philip, we need hardly say, is the villain of the piece. Elizabeth and Henry of Navarre are allies, such as they are; Elizabeth not designedly treacherous, but inconstant, imperious, parsimonious, while Henry was certainly always ready to play a double game and to forsake his allies at any moment. Alexander of Parma continues during the former part of the volume to be the most dangerous opponent of the cause of which he was almost

worthy to have been the champion. But the hero of the book is Maurice of Nassau, the creator of the States' army, the scientific soldier, the Poliorcetes in the cause of freedom. He occupies the most conspicuous place, but behind him stands the statesman John of Olden-Barneveld. As yet military and diplomatic affairs stand completely in the foreground, and the volume does not contain much strictly constitutional matter. But we come almost incidentally across the change which gave the United Provinces their final constitution, if it can be called a constitution at all. The States Council, brought into discredit through its connexion with Leicester, dies out as it were, and with it the only approach to a real Federal Executive. The States-General and the Provincial States too were merely assemblies of delegates; the real sovereignty, the real power, lay in the Town-Councils, and the Town-Councils were self-elective. The Confederation was in truth a loose collection of municipal oligarchies. It is a wonderful thing, not that the system became corrupt and unpopular, but that it lasted so long and did such great things as it did. The few years embraced in the present volume are perhaps its best period. The hopelessness of any terms with Philip is now fully understood, and the notion of seeking a prince elsewhere has been cast aside. The Provinces have become a republic almost by accident, but by this time men have become attached to republican forms, while the vices of their own particular form of republic have not yet shown themselves. The nation is thoroughly patriotic in the face of the enemy, and it now has a really great soldier to lead its armies to victory. The campaigns and sieges of Maurice, the campaigns of Alexander of Parma in France, the death of Alexander, the death and character of Philip and the character of his reign, are all striking subjects to which Mr. Motley does full justice. All are brought out with great vigour and clearness, and with that strong sense of right and wrong which always distinguishes Mr. Motley. The diplomatic disputes which fill up so large a space are as wearisome and unprofitable as diplomatic disputes commonly are. Still they are essentially part of the story. Without them we should not fully understand the difficulties with which the republic had to struggle, or the character of the enemies which he finds. But we must remember again that Mr. Motley is writing wholly from the side of the Provinces. Nothing can justify the deceitful character of Henry's policy; still the main duty of a King of France is clearly towards France, and not towards Holland. One can hardly be surprised at Henry for not refusing to conclude a most advantageous peace with Spain because it involved the throwing adrift of his republican allies.

The most striking things in the volume are probably the descriptions of the death and character of Philip and of the condition of Spain under his rule. The picture is an awful one, and it is drawn by Mr. Motley with a pencil fully worthy of the subject. We see the elaborate system of misgovernment by which so magnificent a dominion, the ruling race of which was a people endowed with many most noble qualities, was brought to the state from which it has never since recovered. And we are not inclined to dispute Mr. Motley's estimate of the results of Philip's personal character. Few men have inflicted more unmixed evil on mankind. And Philip inflicted evil in a way which deprives his tyranny of that false halo of personal glory which blinds men's eyes to the crimes of many other tyrants. Since Philip the men who have done most mischief in the world have been Louis the Fourteenth and the elder Buonaparte. But there is, in different ways, a false brilliancy about both of them, which takes off from the real blackness of their careers. In Philip there is nothing of the kind. In him we are not dazzled either by the magnificence of Louis or by the military genius of Buonaparte. Philip is simply, as Mr. Motley is so fond of describing him, a hard-working clerk, sitting for ever at his desk, and from that desk doing as much mischief in the world as if he had set forth in the personal character of a Scourge of God. We are far from pulling down Justinian to the level of Philip, but there is in this respect a likeness between the two. Both Justinian and Philip were constantly at war, but both of them in the same way carried on their wars from the interior of their cabinets. And both of them undoubtedly waged war for a principle. Here we, to a certain extent, part company with Mr. Motley. There is no kind of doubt that Philip conscientiously believed that, in all his crimes, he was doing God service. His principle is a very simple one. The Catholic King was bound to the support of the Catholic religion and the royal authority. And he was bound to support them at all hazards and by any means. Crimes committed in the cause of either became virtues. Does this excuse Philip? We will take Mr. Motley's own illustration:—

Certainly he looked upon his mission with seriousness, and was industrious in performing his royal functions. But this earnestness and seriousness were, in truth, his darkest vices; for the most frivolous voluptuary that ever wore a crown would never have compassed a thousandth part of the evil which was Philip's life-work. It was because he was a believer in himself, and in what he called his religion, that he was enabled to perpetrate such a long catalogue of crimes. When an humble malefactor is brought before an ordinary court of justice, it is not often, in any age or country, that he escapes the pillory or the gallows because, from his own point of view, his actions, instead of being criminal, have been commendable, and because the multitude and continuity of his offences prove him to have been sincere. And because anointed monarchs are amenable to no human tribunal, save to that terrible assize which the People, bursting its chain from time to time in the course of the ages, sets up for the trial of its oppressors, and which is called Revolution, it is the more important for the great interests of humanity that before the judgment seat of History a crown should be no protection

to its wearer. There is no plea to the jurisdiction of history, if history be true to itself.

It is perfectly right, as Mr. Motley says, that a humble malefactor should not escape from human justice because, in his own belief, his actions are praiseworthy. Society would at once cease to be if such a defence could be admitted. But such a defence makes a great difference in the moral estimate which we make of the man personally. The Fenians at Manchester were most legally and most righteously hanged, but it would be a great mistake to place them morally on the same level as the Alton murderer. So with Philip. He is the greatest example the world ever saw of the evil which may come of a man's acting on a false principle. But it confounds all one's moral notions to place him personally on a level with men who act absolutely without principle. Philip did more mischief in the world than William Rufus; probably he did more than William Rufus would have done had he reigned for as long a time over as great a dominion. But he was not a criminal in the same sense as William Rufus. Mr. Motley says that Philip had no virtues, and doubts whether he did not unite all vices. This is wiping out the fine lines of the picture which Mr. Motley has elsewhere very successfully drawn. Look at Philip's end. Anybody can go through the mere ceremonies of devotion at the last moment. But Philip, by Mr. Motley's own account, bore the agonies of a lingering and frightful disease with unruffled patience, and showed at every moment the most thoughtful and kindly consideration for every one about him. We distinctly assert that a man who did this was not devoid of all virtues. He repented and confessed; we may suppose that he repented of his adultery with the wife of Ruy Gomez; we may be quite certain that he did not repent of his massacres and persecutions. Yet he could say, when he had no motive for lying, that he had never injured any one. Philip, in short, is a gigantic example of self-deception. Self-deception is no bar to human punishment, whether the ordinary punishment of the law in the case of smaller offenders, or that "terrible assize" of which Mr. Motley speaks in the case of Kings. But a man like Philip, acting throughout life conscientiously on a false principle, is a great moral study of human nature, and the points for such study must not be blurred out by confounding him either with vulgar hypocrites or with vulgar ruffians.

Alexander Farnese, again, was one of Philip's instruments in carrying out his evil purposes, and one especially who never shrank from any kind of diplomatic falsehood. But he was very different from the vulgar herd of Spanish commanders, not merely in his brilliant generalship, but in the comparatively merciful way in which he carried on war, and in his constant loyalty, under many temptations, towards an ungrateful and suspicious master. In fact a mere brutal ruffian cannot be a really great general. To be such requires moral as well as intellectual qualities. But Mr. Motley appreciates the great Duke of Parma far better than he appreciates Philip.

The volume leaves the obedient Netherlands under the sovereignty of the Archdukes to whom it had been resigned by Philip. These are Philip's daughter, the Infanta Isabella, and her husband Albert, Archduke of Austria, who, like Cesar Borgia, had been converted from a Cardinal and Archbishop of Toledo into a secular prince.

We will end for the present with Mr. Motley's description of one of the most horrible of the martyrdoms of Philip's reign. The victim was Anna van den Hove, a servant-maid at Antwerp, who suffered at Brussels in 1597:—

When King Henry IV. was summoned to renounce that same Huguenot faith, of which he was the political embodiment and the military champion, the candid man answered by the simple demand to be instructed. When the proper moment came, the instruction was accomplished by an archbishop with the rapidity of magic. Half an hour undid the work of half a life-time. Thus expeditiously could religious conversion be effected when an earthly crown was its guerdon. The poor serving-maid was less open to conviction. In her simple fanaticism she too talked of a crown, and saw it descending from Heaven on her poor forlorn head as the reward, not of apostasy, but of steadfastness. She asked her tormentors how they could expect her to abandon her religion for fear of death. She had read her Bible every day, she said, and had found nothing there of the Pope, or purgatory, masses, invocation of saints, or the absolution of sins except through the blood of the blessed Redeemer. She interfered with no one who thought differently; she quarrelled with no one's religious belief. She had prayed for enlightenment from Him, if she were in error, and the result was that she felt strengthened in her simplicity, and resolved to do nothing against her conscience. Rather than add this sin to the manifold ones committed by her, she preferred, she said, to die the death. So Anna van den Hove was led, one fine midsummer morning, to the hay-field outside of Brussels, between two Jesuits, followed by a number of a peculiar kind of monks called love-brothers. Those holy men goaded her as she went, telling her that she was the devil's carriage, and calling on her to repent at the last moment, and thus save her life and escape eternal damnation beside. But the poor soul had no ear for them, and cried out that, like Stephen, she saw the heavens opening, and the angels stooping down to conduct her far away from the power of the evil one. When they came to the hay-field, they found the pit already dug, and the maid-servant was ordered to descend into it. The executioner then covered her with earth up to the waist, and a last summons was made to her to renounce her errors. She refused, and then the earth was piled upon her, and the hangman jumped upon the grave till it was flattened and firm.

FÉNELON'S MYSTICISM.*

MYSTICISM, like metaphysics, is a word with a core of substantial meaning, but with an envelope of nebulous praise or dispraise which has little or none. Something of the same kind

bids fair to befall the antagonist word "positive" when it is a little older. "Mystical" stands conveniently for something at once grand and hazy, whether we mean, in thus qualifying what we speak of, to express reverential admiration or a contemptuous sneer. It is a word pretty sure to occur in describing Buddhism and other Oriental schools, or Plato, or the Alexandrians, whether Jewish, New Platonist, or Christian; or the method of allegorical interpretation, or the devotional writers of the middle and modern ages, from the writers of the school of St. Victor and Tauler to St. Theresa. Unsympathizing critics would fix the name of mystical on Hooker's description of man's aspiration after good "beyond the reach of sense; yea somewhat above capacity of reason which the mind with hidden exultation rather surmiseth than conceiveth"; or on M. Guizot's account, lately quoted in our columns, of the obstinate faith of the beaten "party of good sense and moral feeling" in the power of truth, honesty, and justice; or on arguments for the truths of natural religion, based on men's moral sentiments and ideals, which, if not constant and universal, are indestructible as facts, and are allied to what is greatest and noblest in their nature. The epithet mystical, applied in such cases, is understood to be a sort of broom which sweeps away cobwebs and saves time; but so vague and so imposing is it, that what was intended by one party as a sarcasm would sometimes be heartily accepted by the other as a compliment. It is a word of which, in spite of its convenience, a careful writer will be shy, for it is one of those words which, as commonly used, eminently contain a concentrated *patio principii*. And it has, moreover, a meaning of its own. M. Matter employs it in its proper and definite sense; as a special system of doctrine treating of the relations of the soul to God, and a method, distinct from, and even opposed to, the intellectual processes of ordinary theology, for attaining direct knowledge of Him and union with Him.

From the time when men's thoughts began to be turned in upon themselves, there has been mysticism in some shape; and mystical theology is an acknowledged and large department of the Christian science of divine things. For, supposing religion to be true, and to be conversant with the highest possible objects of thought, love, and hope—objects too great for man's intellect to master, but open to and inviting all his affections—it is natural that this amazing unseen world of goodness and beauty should call forth corresponding sympathies and efforts in proportion to the capacities to which it is presented, and should become a centre of the most attractive interest. If religion is real at all, its objects have a right to exercise the most powerful influence on the affections; and this influence, like everything else, may be studied and variously directed. There is nothing far-fetched or unnatural in this; it is in strict analogy with what we are accustomed to in poetry, or art, or in the exercise of the affections among ourselves. A great poet sees the world of feeling, thought, and action, a great painter sees the world of nature, with different eyes from ordinary men; and a great critic is able, by a direct insight denied to others, to see what the poet or painter saw, and to interpret and establish its truth by reasons, manifest and convincing when stated, but which had escaped duller minds, and perhaps required trained minds to feel their force. The family and social affections are common to mankind at large, and their objects in a general sense are the same; but we all know how infinitely different, in depth, in richness, in refinement, in purity, in strength, in the delicacy of their shades, in the play and vigour and variety of their exercise, are these affections in different characters, and how great is the interval between their extremes of rude and of high development. If the affections are to find objects at all in religion, their exercise, which will certainly be often slack and dull, must also be expected to be in other cases energetic, intense, absorbing; and this exercise must always come near to what both friends and enemies call mysticism. Its degrees are necessarily infinite. But any one who disbelieved in the possibility or the fitness of the affections being really directed to the unseen world would find mysticism in the Psalms and St. Paul, in Dante and Wordsworth, in Hooker and Bishop Butler; and, from his point of view, fairly. In all religious writing in which the affections come in, there must be, if it is real, an element more or less of what must bear the name of mysticism. It is simply the same thing as saying that there cannot be poetry without feeling, or art without insight, or affection and friendship without warmth of heart.

But as there are false poetry and false art, and extravagant and false affections, so there is a false and mistaken direction, as well as a true and right one, of the religious affections; and it seems hardly saying too much to affirm that the mischief done to religion and to human society by the misdirection of the religious affections is, as far as we can see, out of all proportion greater than that done by intellectual error, and by the divisions created by what has been deemed intellectual error. Perhaps it is only to be paralleled in the mischief done by misdirected social affections. Intellectual error at least does not directly sap men's strength; and often, in the earnest conflict to which it leads, it provokes the force which is to overthrow it or keep it in check. But the disasters following on the misdirection of the religious affections have been of a more fatal nature. They include not merely all the train of evils attending on what is forced, unreal, and hollow, but the irreparable exhaustion, and weakness, and failure of tone, which succeeds the fever of minds wound up to overstrained states of exaltation; the credulity, the mad self-conceit, and the perverse crookedness which never can be cured; and in opponents and lookers-on, influenced by the reaction of disgust, the scepticism, the hardness, and the mocking and cruel temper, which the

* *Le Mysticisme en France au temps de Fénelon.* Par M. Matter. Paris: Didier.

right of folly, and possibly selfishness, clothing themselves with the most august claims and taking the holiest names in vain, must inevitably call forth and confirm.

Fénelon has had a bad name in connexion with one of these forms of misdirection of the religious affections. He was accused and condemned in his own day for complicity, at the least, with false and mischievous mysticism. M. Matter's object is to point out distinctly the true state of the case before a tribunal in which, if it has its own prejudices, the passions are gone to sleep which were so active and so imperious in Fénelon's own day; and to show how far he is fairly chargeable with what Bossuet so fiercely imputed to him, and how far his own defence, though it did not avail him at Rome, is available. He is favourable to Fénelon; but he is an honest and temperate advocate. An English reader is tempted to mark what seem to him two faults. There is, it appears to foreigners, an occasional slovenliness or obscurity in M. Matter's language which we do not look for in modern French; and, except to those who have special knowledge of the time, he is not unlikely to seem prolix and over-minute, as he is sometimes wanting in arrangement, and fails to see where the subject demands, not allusion and suggestion, but direct statement and proof by reference to facts and dates. But his book strikes us as one which, though it need not have been so lengthy, and has defects of plan and faults of taste, well repays the trouble of reading it. A more skilful writer would have spared his reader some of the trouble. But the story which it tells is full of deep interest, in many of its passages extremely curious, in its general course and upshot not the least sad and touching of the tragic episodes which marked the religious history of Louis XIV.'s reign. It comes out in M. Matter's pages almost with the unity and effect of a novel. He is perfectly guiltless of having any such purpose in his mind. But he has intelligence and delicacy in catching the true combinations of qualities in the chief persons concerned, and their relations to one another; and the facts themselves, illustrated by the language of contemporary letters, do the rest.

The work is really a life of Fénelon as it was affected by the question of mysticism; the life of a churchman, with everything fortunate and promising for him in those palmy days of churchmanship, combining, in a degree universally acknowledged to be absolutely peculiar to himself, genius, the elevation and grace of a perfect nobleman, and further, the purity and enthusiasm of a winning and unsuspected piety—such a life and career cut across, and, in spite of superficial honours, really spoiled and overthrown, by the kind of fate which, almost against his will, entangled him with Madame Guyon and Quietism. Bossuet himself, first his master and friend, then his implacable antagonist who ended by crushing him, is the best witness of what was thought of Fénelon's genius. "Qui lui conteste l'esprit?" he exclaimed in the hottest moments of the quarrel, "il en a plus que moi, il en a jusqu'à faire peur." No one doubted at the time, except perhaps Bossuet's friends, that though Bossuet was the greater theologian, Fénelon came much nearer to what was then considered the saint. People admired and dreaded the thunder of Bossuet, but Fénelon's words were music such as the devotion of the time thought it had never heard equalled. Fénelon was far indeed from being the greatest, but he was the most accomplished and most attractive example of the Roman Catholic religion of his age. He combined the strictest faith in dogmas, the most profound submission to authority, the most genuine devotional temper, and an absorbing and governing zeal, with the benevolence, the high spirit, the tolerant generosity, the polish and courtesy and largeness of mind, of which society was beginning to recognise the value and the grace. He, in fact, realized in the highest and purest form, and without intending it, that ideal of religious character which the Jesuits had constantly before their eyes, and strove so laboriously and with such imperfect success to create by their ingenious and artificial methods of discipline. It is to be observed that, in the great quarrel between him and Bossuet, the Jesuits, even the King's confessor, Père La Chaise, and whatever sympathies they commanded at Rome, were—timidly no doubt, yet very distinctly—for Fénelon. Yet, while Bossuet's career was to the end a successful and brilliant one—and one, too, which has left its permanent mark on the great nation of which, while living, he was the oracle—Fénelon's career, though in some things he was Bossuet's equal and in some his superior, was a failure. Though his type of religion seemed on all its sides to recommend itself to his age, by its refinement and real goodness and charm, and by its philosophical tendencies and disposition to soften down what was harsh and rugged, and though his first achievements and first elevation were full of splendour, still Fénelon's career was a failure as a whole, though we do not forget his saintly episcopate. M. Matter calls him the master of modern mystics. We do not well know who they are; but it is a poor lot, compared with the glory of being the leader of the French Church, and the writer of the *Sermons* and the *Variations*, to be known chiefly as the author of *Télémaque*; or even for having done what Bossuet failed to do—made one of Louis XIV.'s family an honest man.

M. Matter has well caught one feature of Fénelon's character which is not always noticed. People speak of his gentleness and sweetness, and beautiful spirit of yielding and submission; sterner critics give these things the harsher names of suppleness and oiliness; and we must confess, for ourselves, that Fénelon is sometimes too resigned, too ingenious in finding out reasons why he should not complain, to suit our notions of what is natural. In the thick of his quarrel with Bossuet, when Bossuet is, as he

often is, grossly and inexcusably rude and violent, nothing can be more beautiful than Fénelon's calm patience and devout cheerfulness. Only it is too beautiful; and it is quite refreshing when he breaks out sometimes into fierceness, and turns with no want of power on his great accuser. But the truth is that with all his sweetness, with all his professions of deference—which there is no reason to think insincere, though we may think them excessive—of deference to authority, whether to the authority of superior age and wisdom, as in the case of Bossuet, or of ecclesiastical position, as in regard to the Pope, Fénelon, as M. Matter repeats, was one of the most resolute and independent of men:—

On prend volontiers, en le jugeant, la rare souplesse de sa parole, qui répondait si bien à celle de sa pensée, pour de la souplesse de caractère; c'est à tort, et c'est une grande faute qu'on commet dans l'appréciation de sa personne. Toute sa vie durant Fénelon tient au contraire singulièrement à ses idées, à ses doctrines, à ses affections. Ses intérêts lui sont chers comme sa personne; il a conscience de son droit et de sa dignité, comme de ses talents. Il s'y maintient avec fermeté; toutefois, il le fait avec une telle mesure, avec une si parfaite subordination de ce qui est secondaire à ce qui est supérieur et de ce qui est supérieur à ce qui est inférieure, qu'il ne heurte jamais le goût ni la modestie. . . . Sa parole est souple; mais sa pensée est constante, son génie est un du commencement à la fin. Si nous manquons de détails sur son premier supérieur, nous pouvons être certains que ce qu'il fut depuis et partout, à Versailles, à Issy, à Cambrai, et à Rome, il le fut à Paris à vingt-sept ans: toujours et partout le plus docile des hommes pour qui sait éclairer son génie et pour qui a sur lui autorité; dans tout le reste, le plus indépendant et le plus lui-même de tous les mortels. Ne lui a-t-on pas reproché l'engouement poussé jusqu'à l'entêtement, la constance exaltée jusqu'à l'obstination?

Madame Guyon—who occasioned the failure of a great career, who caused to the Court and Church of France trouble and scandals almost equal to those of Jansenism, for whose sake friends like Bossuet and Fénelon were turned into implacable antagonists, and who excited so much compassion by the brutality with which Bossuet and the King treated her—seems, after all, to have been a very ordinary sort of person. Such women are about everywhere, in germ. Her piety, which there is no reason whatever to doubt, was of a strongly marked type which had been developed in Spain, since the revival of Catholicism, out of the maxims and outlines of the earlier theology, and which had been adapted to the French temper by St. François de Sales and Madame de Chantal. She was enthusiastic, audacious, self-confident, and probably eloquent, at any rate attractive and persuasive; and, in spite of some unfavourable rumours, when she came to Paris, she captivated Madame de Maintenon, and the select circle—select both as to birth and piety—which met at the house of the Duc de Beauvilliers, Colbert's son-in-law. Nothing would satisfy Madame de Maintenon but she must have Madame Guyon at St. Cyr, to carry forward her teachers and scholars there in the ways of spiritual perfection. If Madame Guyon's head was turned, it is not very surprising. It was none of the strongest, with an eager, forward, adventurous character; and she had before her St. Theresa and Madame de Chantal as examples of women directing and governing in religion. Her mysticism passed from the mysticism of thought and contemplation into that of sensible experience of the most extravagant sort. Her books spoke of states of prayer which seemed to exclude all active religion, and of doctrines which seemed to invert every human idea and motive. The theologians and those whom they influenced began to complain. The King took alarm; he even snubbed Madame Maintenon when she read to him from her friend's books. He could see nothing in them but dreams, and he declared that Madame Guyon was the maddest woman in France. The wise Madame de Maintenon, with the prudence of a schoolmistress anxious about the character of her school, threw her overboard at St. Cyr, and then altogether. Madame Guyon attempted to re-establish her character by putting herself and her writings into Bossuet's hands. It was her ruin. The courtesy with which he received her at first turned, as he learned more of her, to the most intense disgust and the most unrelenting persecution. It is difficult to find the parallel, for oddness, to Bossuet's implacable wrath against her. If she had been the most terrible of heresiarchs, instead of a very silly and self-conceited but most submissive devotee, he could not have pursued her more fiercely. Long and earnest conferences of bishops and theologians sat about her books. She was attacked in articles—the "Thirty-four of Issy"—*mandements*, condemnations; she was confined in monasteries, hunted by the police, shut up in State prisons. Her son, a distinguished officer, perfectly innocent of Quietism, was dismissed because he was her son. If it had not been so brutally cruel, nothing but her own dreams could have equalled in ridiculous extravagance this combined rage of Church and State against her. Yet she was not tenacious of her ambitious hopes, if she had any; and lived and died, after the storm had passed, in edifying submission and obedience.

And Fénelon, who suffered as her supposed champion, had not, after all, according to M. Matter, any special interest in her. They both were students and admirers of the same books, the writings of the masters of the new spiritual devotion of the time, Spanish and French. Madame de Guyon appears to have tried to win Fénelon; but Fénelon himself strongly warned Madame de Maintenon against the high pressure of her books and influence at St. Cyr. There is little trace of correspondence between them, and Fénelon, though he maintained that she meant well, was very free in admitting that she spoke crudely and ill. But he thought her hardly used, and refused to lend himself to Bossuet's insatiable desire to crush her. This, M. Matter thinks, was the cause of his being involved in her disgrace. Bossuet's jealousy

was roused, and turned from her on a more important victim—a friend who had questioned both his temper and judgment, and, in this particular question, his knowledge. M. Matter brings out the case with much appearance of truth. But it seems to us that he leaves without explanation something which does need to be explained—what were, in fact, Fénelon's relations towards Madame Guyon. Fénelon, with all his spirit and courage in speaking for her, writes like a man who is shy of an old acquaintance; and it seems unlikely, in those days of spiritual letter-writing, that where an active and intimate correspondence at some period or other appears to be taken for granted on all sides, it should not have existed, because the traces of it have disappeared.

In the dispute between Bossuet and Fénelon M. Matter sees with exultation a magnificent jousting match between the first writers and first divines of the day. To us it does not seem so brilliant. The real spirit of it is to be found in Bossuet's letters, especially to his nephew at Rome, than which anything more bitter, untiring, and unscrupulous in the display of feeling against an opponent it would not be easy to find. Bossuet seems unable to sleep or rest for M. de Cambrai and his detestable *Maximes des Saints*. All the world condemns them, yet it is all over with the Church unless they are censured at Rome. The two men parted the right and the wrong of the quarrel between them. If Bossuet was overbearing, rude, and violent, Fénelon was not always quite ingenuous and straightforward, and had his distinct reserves when he was professing the most unbounded and most simple deference to Bossuet's judgment. Bossuet was right as to the general good sense of the question, and in pointing out the absurdity and the practical mischief of the high-flown and monstrous refinements of spiritual feeling of which Madame Guyon's writings were a sample; but Fénelon was right, too, as to the general authority which the tradition and language of acknowledged saints gave them, and in insisting that common sense is not always the fittest judge of the subject, and that one man's ideas of devotion and religious perfection, as of poetry or affection, are often incommensurable with those of his neighbour. But the inexpressible oddness of the whole matter is that Bossuet himself, as M. Matter shows, had, in his letters of spiritual counsel to the ladies whom he directed, his own mystical language, which, though it may be different from Madame Guyon's and Fénelon's, is every bit as exaggerated, as startling, and, to our ears, as mischievous.

The truth is that it was a poor quarrel, and a sign of degeneracy. It was not like the great controversies of Portroyal, or even those which Bossuet had carried on against Protestantism, a dispute involving questions affecting all the world, and demanding robust and masculine intellect. It was a question interesting only to high society and the Court, with its dependant convents; a question touching devout fine ladies, and the directors whom they tired out and dragged down with their scruples and fancies. In the provinces they did not care a straw about Madame Guyon and Quietism. It was the malady or the need of a fastidious and over-refined society. Bossuet was right in his instinctive dislike, though he had largely helped to bring about the result which filled him with indignation. But controversy had sunk many steps when it came down from debates about grace or morality to debating the necessity of condemning the proposition that a man in a state of perfection ought to hate his own salvation, or that the highest form of love is loving God for nothing.

THE BOOK OF THE HAND.*

ONE'S first impulse on receiving a work purporting to give a serious exposition of palmistry is to commit it to the flames. It is too much to spend time upon jargon about the mounts of Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars, the magic bracelet, and the line of life. And yet, on second thoughts, the phenomenon deserves a passing glance. It is interesting to study the type of mind which is given to the revival of extinct superstitions. The curious in such matters may still meet with a few believers in astrology, witchcraft, alchemy, palmistry, and other exploded beliefs, as the lovers of china may occasionally pick up a genuine bit of *Henri deux* ware. The peculiarities which such singular specimens present are worth a little investigation, because they are exaggerated types of the class who encourage spirit-rappers and kindred impostors. A man who believes that the spirits of his grandmother and Plato are alternately rapping ungrammatical remarks to him out of a table cannot, one would say, be very wise; yet his mental confusion is exceeded by that of a gentleman who believes that, by looking at the crease on a lady's hand, you can tell that twenty-two years before she was in danger of a violent death, and twelve years before in danger of death by poison—to say nothing of elaborately predicting her future. The credulity is still more singular when we add that the lady to whom we refer was saved from death by a tame leopard killing a coral serpent which had got into her clothes, and that the narrator of the anecdote is M. Alexandre Dumas *fils*. The conditions which lead to so strange a state of mind are worth studying, even at the cost of plodding through some hundred pages of nonsense. The results of a careful diagnosis will perhaps be somewhat as follows.

The most prominent characteristic of the mind of the believer in palmistry is its marvellous state of confusion. It is a sort of curiosity shop, in which old things and new have been jumbled into a state of hopeless confusion; fragments of modern science, of ancient history, of all the utterly useless odds and ends which

have served as the now disused playthings of mankind combine to form an inconceivable conglomerate. The way in which the book is written is some indication of this extraordinary mental tangle. A large part of it consists of translations from the two modern apostles of palmistry, MM. D'Arpentigny and Desbarrolles, without any marks of quotation, changing at intervals, without the slightest warning, into remarks by Mr. Craig himself; and a long dissertation upon gypsies, principally quoted from Mr. Borrow, is thrust into the narrative without any particular reason. Throughout the book Mr. Craig never exactly makes up his mind even as to his own opinion, and varies from belief in the most absurd stories to a kind of qualified scepticism, which proves that he is at least aware that his belief is singular. The most characteristic part, however, of this strange hotchpot of fancies and theories is the way in which a tincture of the terms of modern science is communicated to the mass. The favourite syllogism of all the high priests of modern superstition may be stated thus—electricity performs wonders, but our fetich performs wonders; therefore our fetich and electricity are much the same thing. If you believe in one, you may believe in the other. "We cannot tell," says Mr. Craig, "whether our finger-tips are not moulded into their conical form by the same law that points the twigs of trees; and as it is certainly laid down by physiologists that the shape of leaves, &c., is an electric result, so not only may the form of our hands, but the creases or channels in the palms, indicate the same action." Whence it follows that a line across the palm of the hand may signify a strong and fortunate love; and that one end of it signifies ideal love, and the other sensual love. This is rather a jump, even when we are talking of electricity; yet, as Mr. Craig remarks, we do not know "why the magnetic current speeds across the Atlantic in an instant"; yet we believe it, and in the same way we may believe in the significance of the creases without understanding anything except that it has something to do with electricity. Again, chiromancy attaches great importance to the colour of the lines in the hand; this "comes at least into close contact with the well-established law in chemistry and medicine upon earth," that the colour of the blood depends upon the state of the health. Or, again, botanists tell us that the rings in a tree indicate several facts as to its growth; why should not the marks on our hands? In short, instead of conquering by the names of devils, our modern wizards work by appeals to electricity, magnetism, and other agencies which, to the popular mind, are enough to render anything or everything credible.

The neophyte is thus prepared to swallow the most startling theories. The only question is, what theories to swallow. Here the important doctrine is called in that everything which has been said in print is true; or indeed anything which has been vehemently asserted by anybody. This is a position which seems too obvious to require proof. The principle upon which it depends may easily be tried by any one who is not over scrupulous as to truth. Let the reader declare boldly, at the next social gathering he attends, that he has dreamt that some disaster is about to happen, and that his dreams always come true. He will find that half the party are made uncomfortable, and that a certain fraction fully believe him. It is from this small minority that the believers in chiromancy are recruited. They will believe M. Dumas's story about the coral snake and the leopard. They will regret, with Mr. Craig, that the complete treatise written by Homer upon the lines of the hand has not been preserved. They will accept without a murmur the story he tells of a woman who had been deserted by her lover, and whose child was born with the letters of the father's name, John Wood, legibly imprinted round the iris of its eye. And they will swallow all the stories of the wonderful prophecies of the professors of palmistry, and the still more wonderful explanations of their failure. There is nothing incredible about predictions of the future, says Mr. Craig. Astronomers predict storms eight days in advance; "some one in France predicted the late floods fourteen months before they came; and in our own country the end of the world has been foretold scores of times." This last anecdote is recorded as complacently as if the world had ended scores of times. With such a critic the teachers of palmistry have easy work; if they fail, they can always retreat. M. Desbarrolles, for example, boasts of his extraordinary success in divining the character of M. de Lamartine. As he frankly tells us, he was astonished at discovering that the poet's hands, instead of having smooth pointed fingers, a short thumb, and a line falling abruptly towards the mount of the moon, were hands which, according to the rules of his art, indicated a taste for worldly business, and an "instinct for commerce." M. de Lamartine himself solved the difficulty. He gracefully explained that, though he was a great poet, he had really an even stronger vocation towards "business, politics, and especially administration." Thus assisted, M. Desbarrolles had no further difficulty; he explains everything, and shows, for example, how the second phalange of M. de Lamartine's thumb prevents him from having a blind faith in religious doctrines. This little anecdote is really significant, and accounts for many of the processes of phrenologists, and similar pseudo-philosophers. If you hit upon the qualities which a man really possesses, he is of course astonished; if you hit upon those in which he is signally deficient, he is not only astonished, but flattered and gratified. The most unbusinesslike of mortals is delighted at hearing of his amazing talents for commerce.

This suggests another curious peculiarity about the mock sciences, which testifies to the characteristic muddleheadedness

* *The Book of the Hand, or the Science of Modern Palmistry.* By A. R. Craig, M.A. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1867.

of their devotees. Certain signs on the hands indicate certain types of character. If the marks were always free from ambiguity, and the types plainly defined, it would be difficult to save the theories from a conclusive test. But, fortunately for the professors, their pupils are quite incapable of grasping any clear definition; and as we have no systematic account of the different types of human nature, it is easy for them to stir up a cloud of vague epithets in which their blunders escape notice. Thus Mr. Craig begins by informing us very properly that there are seven distinct types of hand, each distinctly shaped, and each corresponding to a special type of character. These types, he says, cannot be altered, and are only modified up to a certain point. Yet in the same breath we are told that one of the types is the "mixed hand"—that is, a hand which is a jumble of all the others, and which is no doubt the commonest of all. Certain hands ought to have knotted joints to the fingers, yet the hands with knotted joints have very often two or three smooth fingers. Still more annoyingly for the scientific observer, the same persons' hands change according to circumstances. When George Sand took to writing philosophy and serious literature, her fingers assumed knots on the first joint, so that the significant marks of indelible types of character vary according to the work on which their possessors happen to be employed. A severe course of training for the University boat-race would probably develop the knots, and make philosophers of the crew more rapidly than a course of mathematical reading. Another critical distinction depends upon the hardness or softness of the hands. Two or three illustrative examples are given. There is a race of negroes at Sennar, the richest of whom have nothing but a bit of hide round their loins; they are so lazy as to have soft hands. There are some wretched villages on the Dnieper, inhabited by Jews and cowherds, where the people keep packs of gigantic hounds to drive away the wolves. These people have hard hands. Under the Emperor He-Sou, the Chinese walked about gaily, beating their stomachs like a tambourine, and with their mouths always full. They had soft hands. Nothing can be more natural; but it is rather an odd argument that the hardness or softness of the hands is the cause of the idleness. The most ingenious arguments, however, are of a still bolder kind. Alexander, we are told, had a certain type of character; therefore he had the hands corresponding to that type. After which we are called upon to admire the wonderful conformity between Alexander's hands and his character. Really the book is useful as a naive illustration of the ordinary fallacies in logic.

The types of character are, as may be supposed, described with still more vagueness than the hands. Americans have many faults, but few travellers will accuse them of a special disinclination to hospitality; and we cannot quite agree with a Frenchman who accuses Englishmen of a total incapacity for poetry. It would, however, be waste of time to quote any of the commonplaces about national characteristics; for it must be admitted that men of much higher claims to respect than professors of palmistry have shown almost equal incapacity for scientific descriptions of different types of race. It is, in fact, the absence of anything like a coherent system of psychology which gives a chance for the puzzles of phrenologists and their still less successful rivals. There are so many ways of describing character that any indications may be interpreted so as to make a tolerable fit for any character. Although the professors of palmistry are perhaps the lowest class of prophets, to be classed even beneath astrologers—from whom many of their terms of art are derived—they cannot talk much greater nonsense about national characteristics than wiser men; for the observations have not yet been made on which any trustworthy classification can be founded. In other respects we should recommend the believers in spirit-rapping and similar follies to look at this volume, in order to see the fallacies which impose upon them illustrated on an even more ludicrous scale. Philosophers may draw from it conclusions as to the degree in which the human intellect has been improved by modern cultivation.

FATHER PAUL OF THE CROSS.*

WHAT do our readers suppose to have been "the greatest event which history has ever recorded"? The question might be thought by many a pretty wide one, and about as difficult as could be put. To the Rev. Father Pius a Sp. Sancto, however, it is the easiest thing in the world. The greatest event that ever took place was the canonization, during the current year, of Father Paul of the Cross, the founder of the "congregation of discaled clerks of the Holy Cross and Passion of our Lord, usually called Passionists." We need hardly say, after this, that the book in which Father Pius leads up to this greatest of events is to ordinary readers as startling a paradox as the final climax itself. Both as regards the incidents that it embodies, and the style in which it narrates them, it is for our age and country a hopeless anachronism. We are transported backwards at a single bound to a period when miracles, visions, and interpositions might be seen every day by any one who would be at the pains to look for them in the right quarter. The humdrum and commonplace laws of nature had perpetually to give way as they chanced to cross the convenience, or refused scope to the benevolence or even the mild humour, of some favoured personage. We are reminded of the topsy-turvy state of things in

Thessaly in the days of Lucian and Apuleius, when magic and thaumaturgy were so much matters of vulgar everyday life that talking oaks or elms were more common than listeners; and a head might come rolling along the ground, chattering as it went, without anybody thinking it worth taking note of. It must be a fine thing for founders of new orders or movements like Saint Paul of the Cross to ride roughshod over impediments, social, physical, or economical, to be able to calm down storms by a wave of the crucifix, to heal sick people with even less of external aids or nostrums than our modern mediums and clairvoyants, and to travel with a purse as quickly and unaccountably filled as that of Fortunatus. It is enough to make the mouths of our missionaries water to see how the highways were made low, and the rough places smooth, in the case of a privileged person who actually lived and died in the flesh not so much as a hundred years ago. What, somehow, never seems to strike the compilers of such tissues of portents and panegyrics as that before us is that, so far from redounding to the real merit and honour of the holy man, such exceptional aids and facilities make it the easiest thing in the world to go through fire and water, to discomfit Satan, to put down the malice of the wicked, or to get up great and world-known institutions. Chosen men like Saint Paul of the Cross walk about in a charmed atmosphere of their own, as safe as a prince or princess under the care of a good genie in the *Arabian Nights*. No cold or heat, hunger or thirst, has power to stop them or put them out. If it rains cats and dogs on all round about, not a drop falls upon the spot where they are praying. Temptation and sin flow from off them like water from a duck's back. The gall of malice and spite is turned to honey by the inherent sweetness of their disposition. Nor can any one, it would seem, come into close contact with perfection like this without being perceptibly sweetened by the honey or treacle of its influence. The hagiographer before us assuredly shows, in his luscious, sticky style of writing, how he has revelled in the sweets of his patron's teaching and example. This specimen of religious confectionery seems made up of miraculous plums and spices picked out of the *Acta Sanctorum* or the Golden Legend, with lumps of delight from the memoirs of St. Theresa or Ribadeneyra's *Flos Sanctorum*. With all this, Father Pius claims to write in the spirit of a critic and a positivist. He has a holy horror of the "falsehoods of modern fiction." He is all for "dogged history," which deals with fact, and he feels no doubt about carrying us with him through the whole astonishing career of his founder and patron.

In the year 1693, during the Piedmontese campaign of Louis XIV., one Luca Danei, a poor proprietor of Castellazzo, who could boast a certain nobility of descent, fled with his bride, Donna Anna Maria Massari, to the quiet and pretty village of Donda, then subject to the Genoese. Here, on the night of the 3rd of January, 1694, was born a son, who was baptized on the 6th of the same month by the name of Paul Francis. Presages were not wanting of the future gifts and glories of the babe. We are told that "his mother experienced sensations of supernatural pleasure and delight during the pregnancy of this favoured child, and that the chamber in which he was born shone with a brilliancy which for a short time obscured the lamp and dazzled those who were present." This miraculous birth was clearly destined as a "countersign" to the triumph which "signalized the principle of worldliness" in that same year in the birth of Voltaire. We do not get many particulars of the first years of the infant prodigy, else we should probably find him not falling much short of the rigid orthodoxy of Saint Buonaventura, who could never be prevailed upon, even in his mother's arms, to draw his nourishment from the natural fount on fast days. The general state of this pious household may be argued from the simple statement of what was thought necessary for its edification and discipline. The father read the lives of the Saints to his children, and "perpetually cautioned them against two things—gambling, and the bearing of arms." The mother "took great care to make them admire the beauty of modesty." Donna Anna, we must not be surprised to find, "had her failings," as what mother of sixteen children will not? Still her most angry exclamation at their infant clamours and juvenile wishes, we learn from her son, was "May the Lord make saints of you all!" Her patience, in the case at least of her chosen son, could hardly be said to be severely taxed, since St. Paul's biographers assure us that she could fall back upon a real blessing to mothers hardly appreciated by our own matrons. "If the child began to cry, or felt aggrieved at anything, she always pacified him by giving him a crucifix." Little Paul and his brother John Baptist were possibly more nearly anticipating a taste likely to characterize our rising generation, by "playing at little altars and little vestments and little ceremonies, like what they saw in church." The children were shielded from the first by agencies which seem to have had the power of averting, in their case, the proverbial fate which is said to threaten those who are saved from being drowned. "They fell one day into the river Janario, and nobody was by to rescue them. A beautiful lady, who it was believed was the Queen of Heaven herself, extended her gracious hand, took the children out of the water, waited till they saw her, and then disappeared." Another day Paul was on the point of being bitten by a dog which was barking furiously at his heels, when he screamed out "Jesus!" and the dog suddenly stopped. A model pupil at school, and a model son at home, he made daily strides in learning and towards perfection. His first confession was made with such violence of compunction that the priest feared he would

* *The Life of S. Paul of the Cross*. By the Rev. Father Pius a Sp. Sancto, Passionist. Dublin: James Duffy. 1867.

burst a blood-vessel. He became at fifteen already so austere that he preferred sleeping on the bare boards or floor, with the luxury of a stone or a few bricks for a pillow. The two boys were rival anchorites. They would retire to a granary, where the sound of the "discipline" might not be heard by the family. The curiosity of a sister found out that they never lay on their beds, and that Paul was used furtively to season his meals on Friday with gall. Paul ere long organized a little society of the youths of the town, some of whom became Servites, and others Augustinians and Capuchins. The example of his holiness was catching. One of his companions was once tempted by an abandoned woman, and he answered her "by seizing a bunch of brambles and trouncing her soundly into a sense of her infamous conduct." Wherever Paul went by, everybody was heard to say, "There's the saint." So intense was his devotion that when in church a bench once fell upon his foot and crushed it, so that his blood flowed upon the pavement, and some one told him to look at the wound, "These are but roses," said the holy youth; "I deserve more for my sins." Not that he was wholly free from distractions at times, but his diary explains how it is that these did not hinder his profiting from his devotions—"just as the kicking and sprawling and turning of eyes, head, arms, and legs of an infant at its mother's breast, does not hinder its taking in sufficient food as long as it keeps its mouth to the pap." Horrid temptations to blasphemy, inconstancy, anger, impatience, and desolation of mind would merge his soul in a deep pool of affliction; but these were dispelled by invoking the sweet name of Mary. "The other class of incitements, which only degraded him in his own eyes, he kept and cherished with the sentiment of S. Theresa, to suffer or die." In a few days his soul was purified from all dross of pride and concupiscence. His reward lay in those "liquefactions and spiritual inebriations" which are described in mystical books, and which are the only interpretation of the glowing account in his diary. He received the habit in November, 1720; but it was not for five long years of novitiate that he obtained the first permission from the Holy See to found the Order he had long meditated. Meanwhile his thoughts turned in compassion to the misguided men of that "once gifted country whose very soil is consecrated, and whose every feature, deformed as they are by the destroying hand of heresy, still remain as crumbling monuments of her ancient faith." To the day of his death Paul never knelt in prayer without petitioning for the conversion of England. How efficacious the saint's own intervention might be found at opportune moments may be judged from one of the earliest workings of his mission:—

The influence of soldiers upon a country town is proverbial. They bring dissipation, amours, and open, or at least badly disguised, immorality with them. In Orbitella this barefaced lewdness had gone so far that ladies made it a point to appear in church in attire much more scanty than our fashionable full-dress. The Saint inveighed so strongly against this profanation that shoulders were moderately covered next night; he went a little further in his invectives, and the female portion of the audience were at length pretty modestly dressed. There was one Frenchwoman there who resented very much these restrictions upon the exhibition of female vanity, and determined to show her disapprobation of the whole business, at the same time resolving to defy the Saint and assert the right her sex lay claim to—namely, that of doing what they please, provided it be in the fashion. She planted herself just under the missionary's eyes, if possible, even more fully dressed than any of her companions had been. The Saint said not a word. He gave one severe reproving look at her, and in a moment her face, hands, arms, and shoulders became as black as charcoal. All were horrified. She took out a handkerchief and tried to hide her deformity, but could not succeed—grace did its work, and at the conclusion of the sermon she was as demonstrative in the signs of her repentance as she had been at its beginning in those of her vanity and impudence. By the prayers of the Saint she recovered her former colour in a few days; but such was the effect of the incident, that about forty of the most respectable ladies in the town dressed henceforward almost in the garb of as many nuns.

It was only in 1746, twenty years after Paul had received the habit, that his new Institute was properly organized upon the rules he had originally drawn up. The effort had cost him two painful journeys to Rome, where at length an interview with Pope Benedict XIII. obtained for him the Pontifical blessing. On the 7th of June, 1727, both he and John Baptist were ordained priests by the hands of the same Pope. The first home of their order was at Monte Argentario. In 1731 they entered upon a roving series of missions or retreats bearing the episcopal *titulum missionis*. At Orbitella, two years later, they succeeded in laying the first stone of a church and monastery, specially designed for the purposes of the order, which was solemnly opened on the 14th of September, 1737, the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross. In his rules for the Passionist discipline Father Paul had in view as complete a blending as possible of the principal features which distinguished the great orders till then dominant in the Church, without the rigours into which the more ascetic of them had passed. There was "the monasticism of choir work and meditation, the active system of preaching and giving missions, united to the greatest amount of corporal austerity in any active order," but at the same time an elasticity in the rule which provided against the encroachment of undue mortification upon the higher and more useful class of functions. Such was the approval of them by Benedict, that on his signing the rescript of May 15, 1742, the Pope is reported to have said—"This congregation of the Passion is the last to come into the world, and it seems it should have been the first." Various branches of the order were speedily set up, and in 1747 the first chapter of the whole body was held by the founder. Such zeal and fervour was not long in stirring up the jog-trot and sleepy communities around, who felt a reproach to themselves in the energy of Father Paul and his associates. An appeal was made to the Pope for

the suppression of what was termed a scandal to the existing orthodoxy and good order around. His Holiness, however, the chronicler of the order rejoices to inform us, was "too old to be caught with such chaff as this," and the verdict of a Congregation of Cardinals was highly flattering to the Passionists. A brief from Pope Clement XIV. in the year 1770 came as a crowning benediction upon the labours of their then aged superior. Under the sanction of the same Pope he proceeded to organize from his sick bed, the year following, a sisterhood of Passionist nuns, the formal establishment of which, however, he was not destined to see. After a lingering illness, during which his obedience was displayed in his consenting to return to life at the bidding of the Pope, from whom he had solicited the formal *benedictio Papalis in articulo mortis*, he died on the 18th of October, 1775.

The miracles which had attended Paul during life were so multiplied after his death that a place in the calendar of saintship soon became manifestly his due. His biographer has enlightened the unlearned as to the distinction, which might puzzle many, between a "blessed or beatified" and a "saint or canonized." The modified degree of cult which belongs to the former was decreed to Father Paul by Papal brief, October 1, 1852, the title of "Venerable" having been previously assigned him by Pope Pius VII. as early as September 22, 1784. It was reserved for the year now expiring to be immortalized by that greatest of events, to which we began by calling attention, and the details of which are commemorated by our author in a style far too ornate and glowing for our feeble powers of analysis or epitome. The solemn function of canonization then gave "the right of invoking and honouring the holy founder of the order as *Saint Paul of the Cross*." The particulars which we learn concerning the progress of the order in England do not encourage much hope of the fulfilment of the founder's pious wishes and prayers for our benighted country. From the landing of the first apostle, Father Dominic, in 1841, till now, notwithstanding all the zeal of Father Ignatius (Mr. Spencer), the mission has had an uphill fight, not "being taken over and made comfortable by some great benefactor," as our writer piteously complains "might be expected." Three houses, on no great scale, suffice to house the whole "discalced" brotherhood. We should not think much of the value of a convert who might be attracted by the representations or the general tone of such a book as this.

BILLIARDS.*

IT is somewhat humiliating to reflect that eminence cannot be attained, even in the art of knocking about three ivory balls with a stick, without the devotion of a lifetime. It is the more humiliating when we consider that in the prosecution of this art not the slightest mental effort is required. Neither chess nor whist can be played, even moderately well, by an arrant fool; but a billiard-table will be found in every well-conducted lunatic asylum in the kingdom. Billiards is, in fact, the exact antithesis to chess. The latter brings into play one of the rarest powers of the human mind—the power, namely, of prevision, by which future results are clearly brought within the range of mental vision, and in accordance with which they are inevitably accomplished. The former requires a well-strung and well-disciplined condition of body, so that between hand and eye the most perfect sympathy may exist. Chess is a contest of brains; billiards, of steady nerves and correct eyesight. Chess is a great mental, billiards a great manual, effort. And despite all practice and all proficiency, the best billiard-players will always be ready to acknowledge that what they actually perform falls very far short of what they see and know ought to be performed. The reason is simply, that a human being can by no amount of hard work convert himself into a machine, and by nothing short of machinery can the operations of billiards be brought to perfection. Take, for example, the spot stroke, that crucial test of a billiard-player. Only one man has ever played it with any famous success, and we believe on one occasion only has that player made a hundred spot strokes consecutively. Now each one of these, individually, is so easy that a child could do it. The object to which the player devotes years of study is not how to make the winning hazard with certainty—that he could do with his eyes shut—but how to strike his own ball so that he will have a second, and then a third, and so on *ad infinitum*. This, again, for each stroke taken individually, is easy. The playing ball has only to be moved a few inches, and not nearly such nice manipulation is required as for other ordinary strokes—for that, notably, which ensures a succession of losing hazards in the middle pockets, and in which the object ball must be moved twelve feet every stroke without varying more than an inch or an inch and a half. The difficulty, then, of the spot stroke does not lie in the hazard *per se*, nor in the placing the playing ball *per se*, but in the effecting these two ends simultaneously. Hand and eye must be in perfect accord, but the strain on the nervous system caused by the effort to control with a single action the movements of the two balls is too great to be resisted for long. Even if the player was allowed to place his own ball where he chose after each hazard, he would still break down ultimately, though he might perform the stroke, thus modified, an immense number of times. It is curious, however, that we have generally noticed the spot stroke break ended by a failure in per-

* *Practical Billiards*. By William Dufton. London: Routledge & Sons. 1867.

forming the hazard, not by a failure in playing for position. Extra care has been taken to ensure accuracy in what is considered the difficult part of the stroke; and then, as often happens, the easy part is missed altogether. On the whole, it is not surprising that the spot stroke rarely proves remunerative, even to ordinary professional players; while with amateurs it is almost always a total failure. Nature abhors monotony, and there is nothing so monotonous as a break of winning hazards. We once saw the great player of the age make a colossal score by the spot stroke; and his performance had just the same effect on us that would have been produced by a song sung entirely on one note, or a sermon preached in a uniform drawl. We went fast asleep. For twenty minutes the red ball kept travelling with the regularity of clockwork first into the left corner pocket, then into the right. Left, right, left, right; and when we woke up it was still going on. It was not easy to believe that a human being could almost have made himself so like a machine.

The majority of professionals, however, cultivate losing in preference to winning hazards, so much so that they frequently convert the latter into the former even when there is some little difficulty about the stroke. The probable reason is that it is much less wearisome, and much less fatiguing to the eye, especially in a game of five hundred or a thousand up, to play losing than winning hazards. In whatever position two balls are, there is only one point in the object ball that can be struck so as to produce a winning hazard; assuming of course that the balls are round, and the table perfectly true. But there are several points in the object ball that may equally be struck when a losing hazard is sought for. This may be verified by any one who chooses to place the balls in position for a fair losing hazard. He will find that he may make the hazard by hitting his own ball in the centre, or by putting on side, or by using the reverse side, or by playing fast, or by playing slow; but each time, according as he strikes his own ball, so will he strike the object ball in a different point. Thus the eye and the hand will be much less tried than if there were only one point in the object ball which must be hit to effect the hazard. It is from a knowledge of the fact that losing hazard striking admits of a great deal of freedom and variety in the manipulation of the balls, that professional players look to it as the great strength of their game. We have said that they often convert winning into losing hazards, and they rarely play for canons except as stepping-stones to something better. A canon, to the professional mind, is little more than a *nerve*, which prevents the downfall of a break, and enables a fresh score to be tacked on to it. It links together the different portions of a break, but it is not in their eyes a power in itself capable of being worked to great results. Amateurs, on the other hand, prefer canons before any other stroke, not only on account of their prettiness, but also because they enjoy dashing the balls about as much as possible, and would fain hit every cushion if they could, if only for the sake of getting more out of the table for their money. It may thus be gathered that the characteristic difference between the play of professionals and of amateurs can be expressed in a single sentence. Professionals aim not to make strokes, but to leave them; amateurs aim not to leave strokes, but to make them. Professionals, if they are of any eminence, when once they get a break, play so as to keep leaving themselves strokes so easy that it would not be possible to miss them. When the break appears to be becoming infructuous, they generally "pot" their adversary's ball, and endeavour to bring their own and the red ball into baulk. If they cannot get at their adversary, they give a quiet miss under some distant cushion. Their brilliant *tour de force*, their twists, their recoils, and their all-round canons, they mostly keep for their pupils. The spectator at an ordinary billiard-match who expects to see miracles performed with the balls will be very much disappointed. He will see a great deal of cautious skirmishing and fencing, a great deal of fighting for position, and a few large breaks in which strength will be so carefully attended to that the strokes left will require little or no execution. If he wants to see brilliant strokes, any two amateurs who know how to hold their cues, and possess a certain power of wrist, will show plenty of them; but we have often noticed that a man who is fond of making fancy strokes is very apt to lose the game.

The handsome book which lies before us is clearly intended by Mr. Dufton for the use of amateurs, and is entitled by him *Practical Billiards*. We confess that it appears to us to be much more theoretical than practical. The very numerous and well-executed diagrams, many of which resemble what we have seen before in other books, seem designed for the most part to show what *can* be done with the balls, not what *ought* to be done. Every inducement is held out to the student to cultivate execution, but we maintain that a student has no business to aim at execution at all. We have the old familiar diagram of a canon, where the player's ball strikes every cushion. Such a stroke is utterly useless, and no one in his senses would try it unless he were shut up in a billiard-room by himself on a wet day. In diagrams 35, 47, 50, and 57, to mention no others, we notice canons, pretty no doubt, but not such as a practical billiard mentor should recommend to his pupils. A canon game, as we have pointed out, is more likely to spoil a break than to make one; and Mr. Dufton would have done better to have given a few diagrams of tempting canons, showing when to let them alone, and what to play for instead. The sketches of losing hazards are complete and valuable; but there was no occasion to give so many diagrams of winning hazards. As in all cases—as Mr. Dufton

himself has pointed out—winning hazards are straight hazards at the moment of impact, and the object ball can only be struck in that one point through which a straight line drawn from the centre of the pocket aimed at would pass, one diagram (say No. 11) would have amply sufficed for illustrating the principle of the stroke, and one for winning doublet hazards. There would then have been room for what is such a desideratum in treatises on billiards—namely, a series of diagrams to illustrate the progress of a break, and the method of carrying it on. Two balls might be over the middle pockets, to begin with, and the player's ball in baulk. The position of the balls after each stroke being indicated in successive diagrams would give a clue to the strength that should be used; and if the break was thus carried on up to twenty or five-and-twenty, with a careful omission of portentous twists, recoils, or canons off every cushion, a real service would be done to the pupil, and when he went for an hour's practice he would have something solid and sensible to practise at. The mere study of individual strokes is only a prelude to the study of a sequence of strokes, otherwise called a break; and we are disappointed at finding that *Practical Billiards* gives us so little help where help is so much needed.

Another thing that we hold to be unnecessary in Mr. Dufton's book is the introduction of mathematical reasoning about the motion of billiard balls. Any man who has knocked the balls about for ten minutes cannot fail to observe that they rebound from the cushions in particular ways, and that they separate from each other at particular angles. After a few weeks' play he will have a pretty correct idea of the direction his ball will take after striking another ball or the cushion. Observation will enlighten him on these points, and his eye will do the rest. That the angles of reflection and incidence are equal, that side on a ball will modify these angles, and that after impact on another ball the direction of the impinging ball will be altered according to circumstances—these truths may be formally stated, and then safely left to be verified by experience. It savours of affectation to devote a chapter to the enunciation of Newton's second and third laws of motion, to the parallelogram of forces, and the compression of elastic bodies. A man may be a good rifleman without understanding anything about the motion of projectiles, and a good archer without being able to draw the curve described by his arrow; and we are sure that no one will improve at billiards by stopping to decompose velocities, to find an imaginary resultant, or to inquire whether his ball moves with an axis horizontal or vertical to the plane of the table. One thing alone puts an end to mathematical billiards—namely, the friction of the cloth. After half an hour's play this is infinitely increased by the chalk and dust on the table; and against dynamics and Newton's *Principia* we will pit a practical knowledge of the table, of the amount of dirt on it, of the number of holes in the cloth, and of how many pockets draw or not.

We should be sorry to leave the impression that there is not much sound and excellent advice in *Practical Billiards*. One maxim is especially deserving of notice by the student. Whatever he tries for, whether successfully or unsuccessfully, let him notice the direction taken by the playing ball till it stops. If he makes the stroke, he will be able to repeat it; if he misses it, the ball will take some course which he will observe and bear in mind for future occasion. Observation, in fact—that is the substance of the advice. Where the ball went once, there it will go again under similar circumstances. Many a man has learned excellent losing hazards by losing his lives at pool in untoward pockets, and has afterwards made use of the discovery at billiards. We quite agree with Mr. Dufton that a billiard-room is a necessity in every country house. There is no old port now to drink; it is unwholesome to go to sleep after dinner; it is unsocial to sit in a corner and read; and amateur music, vocal or instrumental, is, on the whole, less satisfactory than amateur billiards. The walking round and round the billiard-table, and the wielding the cue, will be just sufficient exercise to promote, not to disturb, digestion; and if this desirable result is attained—and there can be no disputes about rules, for *Practical Billiards* will deservedly find a place in the room—it will matter very little if, as will probably happen, the players generally miss when they expect to score, and score when they expect to miss.

PARKS AND GARDENS.*

(Second Notice.)

IN the sixth chapter of M. Lefevre's entertaining volume there is a perhaps inevitable fault of arrangement. It professes to treat of the classical style of gardening, the veritable child of the Renaissance and Le Notre. And yet if, like the traditional clergyman who had a dozen or more pairs of candidates for holy matrimony crowding the altar rails at once, one were to bid the cited varieties "to sort themselves," the residuum of strictly classical gardens enumerated would be a barren list. The Villa Albani would keep its place as genuine and legitimate; but Caserta, divided in aim between imitating Versailles and yet affecting the landscape style; Villa Reale at Naples, a third part of which is planted *à l'anglaise*; and, from its description in pp. 168-70, that oasis of New Castile, Aranjuez, which combines ruin, rock, and river with wonderful charms of scenery and as wonderful varieties of style—must each go along with the German parks and gardens

* *Les Parcs et les Jardins*. Par André Lefevre. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie. 1867.

(Schönbrunn alone excepted) under the classification "symmetrico-picturesque," to which the eighth chapter is devoted. Such formal affairs as Piddleton described by Walpole (p. 159), the chessboard of wych elms, wrought trellises, and cleft foliage at Nonsuch, and Wreschill, with gardens within its moat and orchards without, can claim a place only as illustrations by negation in a chapter on classical gardens. Neither should we be disposed to place under this head the Turkish gardens and cemeteries, laid out, it would seem from M. Lefèvre, with a manifest eye to the landscape, and to the conciliation thereby of the contemplative rather than ambulative Turk; nor yet the gardens of Cintra and Lisbon, or the palm and mango avenues of Cuba, which are perhaps quite *sui generis*, but of all gardens on record least like "a laboured quarry above ground." Schönbrunn, the Austrian Versailles, of which Loudon says that "it surpasses all Europe in massive grandeur, shade, and verdure," is genuinely classical; so are many of the Royal gardens in Spain—the Escorial, for example, and the Park de la Granja (p. 167)—and in England the Moor Park of Sir William Temple's well-known description. Classicism crops out, too, in the East. In the demesnes of the Great Mogul and the Kings of Lahore the principal feature is the profusion of sculptured border-walls, slabs, and pedestals, and wheat-sheaves of stone for *jets d'eau*. And M. Lefèvre ends this chapter by an account of Chinese gardens of the eighteenth century which proves that, under the competent teaching of the Jesuits, a people the most imitative under the sun soon learnt to copy to the echo the characteristics of Versailles, Chantilly, and St. Cloud.

The most obvious reflection, after a survey of the classical style in gardening, is one of marvel at the partial, half-hearted adoption of reactionary views by gardeners and amateurs. To readers, and to intelligent visitors at the extant shrines of Flora, as from Adrian's day till near our own she was ignorantly worshipped, the axiom of one of our park-and-garden reformers of the last century—that, inasmuch as nature contributes four of the constituent parts of a garden, soil, wood, water, rock, and art but one, architecture to wit, such proportions ought to be rigidly observed—must recommend itself as a very rational compromise. Yet, though recommended directly and indirectly by amateur and professional authorities, and though nominally accepted by the school which, after Sir William Chambers, M. Lefèvre calls the Anglo-Chinese, it is curious to note how rarely it has been honestly carried out; how, almost invariably—given the means of such embellishment—our so-called landscape-gardeners have allotted to stone and statuary very much more than a fifth part of the prescribed apportionment. Not, indeed, that in our garden literature much encouragement has been lavished upon a style which, dubbing itself classical, is fond of covering every other yard of space with some freak of stonework. Whatever crotchets may be detected in Lord Bacon's quaint essay on "Gardening"—which our author says was written for a prince not named, the fact being that, in common with the rest of the essays, it was to have been dedicated, but for his premature death, to Henry Prince of Wales—he did not recommend over much stonework, and he *did* take account of the picturesque. One may smile at his covered alleys of carpenters' work, and hedges with arches of box, hung with birdcages and bits of coloured glass, when at the same time he will have nothing to say to "images cut in juniper and other garden stuff; they be for children." There may be too excessive minuteness about his plans for a succession of flowers and shrubs for every month in the year. But in his scheme of a lawn at the entrance, a parterre or main garden at the centre, and a heath at the extremity, with side alleys along the whole, but with none at the ends to intercept the view, we discern a consideration for the landscape; as also in the central mount, thirty feet high, on which he would place "a banqueting house with some chimneys neatly cast, and *without too much glass*." In translating the italicized words, M. Lefèvre has fallen into an amusing and significant mistake. Impressed with a certain traditional weakness of John Bull, he can think of no use for glass in a British banqueting house except to drink out of, and by his rendering "et pas trop de bouteilles dans les armoires" evidently regards Bacon's direction as a precaution against the smashing of decanters after a drunken brawl. We are afraid that Walpole's zeal for the picturesque has failed to establish Milton's Eden as the type of a true English garden; and we must join in M. Lefèvre's criticism that that famous description does not sensibly differ from other poetical pictures of nature, as well as in his quiz of Walpole for introducing not only the Hesperides, but Pan himself, dancing with the Hours and Graces, into the Eden which was his type of a garden anti-classical. Milton's sympathies, by the way, may reasonably have been for the classical type, of which he would have learnt a feature or two in the College gardens at Christ's, and have become familiarized with the rest in their home and fatherland, Italy. But not so those of Addison and Pope, whose writings must have helped at least to draw off the full tide of fashion's stream from inveterate classicism in gardening. Addison's championship of nature, as superior to art, was practical as well as theoretical. His rural garden at Bilton Grange enforced his papers in the *Spectator*; and if, as our author hints, the bard of Twickenham's grotto and fountains and other classicities in a limited area on the banks of Thames seem inconsistent with his advocacy of nature's spontaneous capabilities in the epistle to Lord Burlington "on the use of riches," may it not be pleaded that in the former he did but carry out his famous maxim, "Consult the genius of the place in all," while in the

latter he left a memorable admonition to great proprietors not to disguise nature's charms by undue ornamentation, not to overdress a goddess who, if unconfined, is more taking because simpler *munditiis*?

So championed and so heralded, the picturesque and natural school of gardening at last got a fair start. The course was in some measure cleared by the destruction at this time of boundary walls and hedges, and the introduction of sunk fences or "ha-ha's" (innocently derived by our author from "ah! ah!" an exclamation of surprise) to mask the lines of demarcation between park, field, and garden. The first high-priest of the new faith was Kent, whose creed that "all nature is a garden," and whose devotion to the picturesque was all the more intelligent from his having followed the profession of a painter, and having brought the ideas derived from his first art to bear upon the compositions of his second. His merit was that he led the way in breaking down the lines of regularity, and looked for effects to the imitation of nature in her main forms and outlines. If he now and then over-rode his hobby, as in planting parts of dead trees in Kensington Gardens to copy more exactly natural woods, this was a comparatively rational assertion of his leading principles beside many vagaries of his predecessors in various styles. Certain it is that he created a new era in English gardening, and that to him the better points of Stowe and Painshill, Leasowes, Hagley, and other demesnes of the same period are ascribable. M. Lefèvre, however, disparages, as we think unduly, this eminent founder of a new English school. According to him, his work is mean, lacks unity, and has neither object, rules, nor reason. It does but meanly ape what Le Notre imitated grandly; it is but a secondary modification that has produced no match to the Villa Aldobrandini, Versailles, Caserta, or Aranjuez. When in a limited range, it is singularly mean and affected. On a larger scale, there is too much sameness in the variety, which hinders you from seizing the plan of the whole, and in the creation of lovely landscapes without any definite character. Against this naturally prejudiced estimate of our author we might fairly turn one of the arguments which he himself uses to support it—namely, that owing to the modifications of Brown, Chambers, Whateley, and others, the real work of Kent is a little difficult to distinguish. At Stowe there were others beside Kent called in by Lord Cobham to complete that marvellous "jardin anglais orné." Yet what does M. Lefèvre most admire in Stowe? Not its temples to Bacchus, Venus, Friendship, Ancient and Modern Virtue; not its groups of Hercules and Antæus, side by side with Cain and Abel; not its Hermitage of St. Antony, nor its Cavern of Dido, its column of George II., or its Gothic fane full of Saxon divinities, cheek by jowl with a bridge in the taste of Palladio; not, in short, the architectural toys which Kent or others were bidden by the wealthy owner to raise, perhaps against their better judgment, but the sylvan scenes to which, as landscape-gardeners, it was their vocation and their fancy to give scope. The most successful of these at Stowe are confessedly Kent's. The prospect from the South Terrace, the views from the North Terrace over the Great Park, of which our author owns that "c'est la nature elle-même, et combien plus belle dans sa variété spontanée que dans les complications factices des jardins paysagers"—these are the proper souvenirs of Kent. The endless crotchets of classification run mad, the temples, obelisks, columns, grottoes, which sprang up at Lord Cobham's caprice and cost, were probably rather acquiesced in by him than approved of, their main significance being, we should think, as a new key to the meaning of the family motto, "*Templa quàm dilecta*."

To the Blenheim of "Capability" Brown Lefèvre is inclined to accord higher merit, because it links a symmetrical garden to a park imitative in its measure of the triumphs of Versailles. But Chambers and Kew find as little favour with him as Kent and Stowe. We are not going to do battle for these, although the French critic himself is fain to own that consummate art has there converted a dry, flat, ungrateful desert into something comparable to an Eden. To English visitors Kew is chiefly attractive for its magnificent exotics, certainly not for its ridiculous medley of temples, pagodas, mosques, porticoes, and ruins. The mention of Chambers reminds us that, with a certain amount of subtlety in depreciation, M. Lefèvre has made the most of the theory supported by that authority, that the English manner of landscape gardening was suggested by, and originated with, the Chinese. It does not appear that, though Chambers had visited China, he had acquired sufficient data on his subject to do more than corroborate his views by hearsay evidence. And certainly, after a review of the section of Chapter VII., which our author obligingly gives with the purpose of clearing up the question, and which goes very fully into description of the Chinese "Bonzeries" as well as of their Royal Gardens, the majority of readers will come, we suspect, to one conclusion—that the origin of our picturesque style from the Chinese is at all events not proven, and that any sympathy between the twain is only partial and accidental. The Chinese gardens are the result of little attempts to copy nature too minutely. They aim not only at the broadly picturesque, but at imparting, as the case may be, sombre, melancholy, and terror-inspiring aspects. Everything is imitation. Echoes, winds, rush of waters, riven oaks, trunks of lightning-stricken trees cast across streams—all these with them are well got-up shams, all the achievements of a petty imitative turn. The Chinese may call them "*sharawadgi*," which Sir William Temple says is the vernacular for "ad-

mirable." In homely English, we should be apt to call them "Brummagem." And when one has got through the account in pp. 227-8 of the ordinary palace of the Emperor Khien-Loung, with its demesne enclosing a sham town, with sham walls and parapets, temples, markets, shops, harbours, courts of justice, hills, and valleys—in short, the egregious collection of shams with which the "Child of Heaven" indulged his passion for a trumpety microcosm—the result cannot fail to be a repudiation of any supposed affinity between the English bias towards gardening in imitation of nature, and the Chinese penchant for caricaturing it. We might go further, and retort upon M. Lefèvre, by asking whence the Celestial Empire got the tastes with which they are supposed to have inoculated us. In a former chapter we certainly heard of the Jesuits having introduced the French and classical type of gardening into China. For ourselves we accept the rational view of Loudon (*Encycl.* p. 69) that our English style "was an almost necessary result of the progress of taste and refinement, aided perhaps by the accounts of Chinese gardens, about the end of the seventeenth century, but not more by these accounts than by existing descriptions of classic scenes in the Roman authors, and by the writings of modern poets."

But we shall not convince M. Lefèvre, who deems our London squares the best things we can show in gardening, and holds that we succeed best when we do not attempt great things, as at Kew or Stowe, but, as obedient children, leave all to nature. Can it be that Kew and Stowe are in his bad books, because in the temples of each there were drawings or bas-reliefs of our victories over the French? Bound in fairness to adduce some style which is worthy to supersede and eclipse the English picturesque, he devotes his last chapter to the "symmetrico-picturesque" school of Germany and France, distinguished no doubt from the English irregularity by its jealous addiction to regularity, and calculated, it would seem, to cripple and maim nature by putting it too manifestly under the surveillance of art. His sketches of the French parks of Morfontaine, Ermenonville, and Guiscard are worthy of perusal, though the best features in them would be found in the best samples of the English picturesque. And there is, at the close of the volume, a very interesting account of the varied fortunes of the Bois de Boulogne.

While finding fault with the author's marked depreciation of the English school, we are bound in candour to own that our landed proprietors have been often unjust to themselves. Half weaned by books on the picturesque from the traditions of earlier schools, they have too often thrown themselves into the arms of some incompetent pretender to the mantle of Kent, or to the afflatus of Brown or Chambers. Our fathers can tell of avenues that were swept away wholesale to make room for the three, and only three, forms of which these quacks would recognise the beauty—namely, the clump, the belt, and the single tree. Squires who thus parted with the glory of their demesne, the feature which in their measure they possessed in common with the parks of Ispahan and Cairo, of Aranjuez and Sans-Souci, were naturally emulative of the tail-bereft fox in the fable, and persuaded their neighbours to go and do likewise. And so they reduced themselves to a sameness with which, as we have seen, Continental critics upbraid the English parks and gardens. The truth is that characteristic features of whatever type are not lightly to be sacrificed. No heir to an estate the house and gardens of which date from Henry VIII. or Elizabeth would in his sane senses exchange the clipt edges of box and yew, the rounds, quarters, and alleys of a Nonsuch, for the levelling alternative of a landscape-garden without landscapes. The Flemish style peculiar to some English seats which have had Dutch antecedents—a style characterized by triangles of turf, and greensward paths converging toward some time-honoured mulberry tree—may possibly offend a strictly modern taste; but it were vandalism to get rid of them, and meanness of spirit to rush so blindly into the newest fashion. To some extent every proprietor should qualify himself to be his own head-gardener, and there is no field for a country gentleman's talents more thankworthy or more delightful. One who is so qualified will not load his lawns and parterres with stone ornaments or "arcs of triumph" in season as well as out of season; nor will he, by an abuse of the great influx of rare and hardy conifers, transform an English manor-house and its precincts into a "Conifer Cottage" or a "Wellingtonia Hall." He will, with Pope, consult the "genius of the place," and, while quite sensible of the great advantage to a landscape-gardener of having trees to clear away, instead of young plantations to nurse up, will be eminently conservative of his oaks and elms, and no

Foe to the dryads of his father's groves.

To such a one—for he is sure to be one who can fully appreciate the literature of horticulture and landscape-gardening—we recommend cordially, in spite of one or two Gallican prejudices here and there in it, the new candidate for a place on his bookshelves which has appeared in M. Lefèvre's *Les Parcs et les Jardins*.

THE HUNCHBACK'S CHARGE.*

MR. CLARK RUSSELL has missed his vocation. What that vocation may be we do not pretend to say, nor can we measure the possibilities of his powers in an unknown direction. He may be fitted to command the Channel fleet, to lead the Abyssinian expedition, to put down Fenianism, or to re-

construct the Whig party, but certainly he is not fitted to write a three-volume novel, even with the disclaimer of "a romance" on the title-page. We have seldom met with such an odd jumble as *The Hunchback's Charge*. The audacious violations of common sense and probability which distinguish it above most of its kind are in themselves studies—studies of distances in the line of descent, and of degrees in the scale of absurdity. The principal character in the book is a highly sensitive, poetic, and utterly illiterate beggar—the Hunchback, who gives half the title, and who is meant to supply more than half the interest. This gentleman lives in an impossible tenement of the melodramatic order of architecture—partly hut, partly dog-kennel—concealed in a thick wood among some ruins; and there his sole companion is a monkey which he has taught to dance the hornpipe, and which he loves as men who are not hunchbacked love wife and children. He has, however, a more poetical affection for young Edith Malcolm, a milliner's girl in the little village of Sprayton, under the cliffs below; and who is a lady, if not bred, yet born, in a fragment of the purple, her mother having been the daughter of a clergyman, though her father was only an enterprising groom of the young Lochinvar stamp, and subsequently a greengrocer afflicted with *delirium tremens*. Of course, with such a parentage, Edith is one of the most refined and aristocratic of young milliners; and though brought up by a coarse old sailor and his yet coarser wife, and it is to be supposed, but imperfectly educated at the village school, she is as highly polished and intellectual as if just turned out of a finishing school as the prize pupil of the establishment. Mr. Clark Russell has evidently faith in natural development and the doctrine of innate ideas. This exceptional young milliner, then, is the bright particular star of the wonderful hunchback beggar, who makes love to her by placing in her path bouquets of rare flowers stolen from the cottage gardens, going through a grotesque pantomime expressive of his feelings when he sees her pick up said bouquets with a blush, and place them in her bosom. When she finds out who is their donor, and how they have been obtained, she is a little disconcerted to be sure; but as she is one of the angelic women happily to be met with only in novels and romances, she cannot frown down the beggar's love, though she tries to impress on him by her behaviour that she thinks it naughty of him to steal the flowers, and hopes he will not do so any more.

Jock, the hunchback dwarf, is preternaturally sharp-witted, and ubiquitous into the bargain—hearing everything, tracking every one, always on the trail of something or some one, and sure to avenge wrongs if he cannot at all times prevent them. He earns his living by dancing hornpipes, with his monkey, at the two chief taverns of Sprayton; but as his greatest gains in a crowded evening come to threepence, his living cannot be held a very luxurious one. Still, threepence in the year 1800 was a better representative of food and raiment than it would be now, and, in a simple fishing village like Sprayton, would keep body and soul together for one night; though it was shabby if the sailors all the same, and not quite according to the usual marine character. Beside this marvellous Jock, with his humanized monkey, his hideous body, and his lovely soul, there are two gentlemen, also *hors de ligne*, who play important parts in the story—a Mr. Walter Camden, and his tutor, one Joseph More. And these two gentlemen are so exactly alike that even the father of Walter can with difficulty distinguish his son from his tutor, and even Edith, when married to the one, flings herself into the arms of the other; not to speak of misapprehensions in earlier days, lasting through long conversations on the beach, and love-making in duplicate, embarrassing to a young milliner's nerves, to say the least of it. Only the hunchback can distinguish them without a moment's hesitation. But what things hidden from ordinary men cannot poetically-minded beggars, living in tenements of the melodramatic order of architecture, distinguish when they come abroad? Notwithstanding their perplexing likeness, these two Dromios of Mr. Russell's brain are in no degree related, but have come together merely by the chance association of pupil and tutor. This chance association does not include liking; as how should it?—Walter Camden being an open-hearted and high-minded young man, while Joseph More is a scowling and gloomy villain, to whom crime and atheism are as familiar as the Greek classics seem to be. Why they keep together at all is a puzzle which the simple-minded reader cannot be expected to solve. Both fall in love with Edith, and both make love to her by turns; but she of course imagines that the two are one, and that when she is listening to Joseph More she is listening to Walter Camden. After a short time she is privately married to Walter, for whom his old father, living in Norfolk Square, thinks royalty itself scarcely beyond the mark. At this appropriation of his beloved Joseph More is naturally excessively disgusted, and when she tells her husband that his "double" has been holding a tryst in his stead, and holding her in his arms at the same time, a row ensues, which ends by Mr. Joseph More flinging Walter Camden over a cliff, and killing him in the most approved fashion. He kicks the dwarf, who had stolen upon the interview, after him; but though it was a nasty fall down forty feet of precipice on to the sea-shingle, the hunchback picks himself up again not very much the worse for the tumble, and prepares himself for his life's task. After the murder Joseph More disappears. His passion for Edith had been strong enough to make him fling her husband over a cliff, merely because he was her husband; but he abandons his fair friend after this, apparently with a philosophic equanimity hardly to be expected from what

* *The Hunchback's Charge*. A Romance. By W. Clark Russell. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

had gone before; and for some time the pages of *The Hunchback's Charge* are delivered from his unsatisfactory presence.

Edith now falls into evil case. She tells no one of her marriage, and still keeps her maiden name and style of Miss Malcolm; but the Sprayton people are so virtuous that the mere suspicion of a love affair between her and one of the "Perkins gents" so mysteriously spirited away is sufficient to make the place too hot for her, and she is hounded out of the village as a disgrace to the virtue of its womanhood. How little Mr. Russell understands the life and morals of a secluded village this one trait may suffice to show. After various adventures of a very uncomfortable complexion, in all of which she is oppressed and held up to scorn because assumed to be the unmarried mother of a golden-haired little girl, Edith dies, just when she has been found by the dwarf in a beggar's lodging-house—where, by-the-by, she has a room to herself—with her "marriage lines" in a tin box in her bosom. The dwarf takes possession of box and child, and goes through much misery in consequence, apparently losing not only his extraordinary, but even his ordinary wits, and becoming as dull as he had been bright. Then Mr. More comes back as Walter Camden; sees old Isaac the father, who is now nearly blind; receives his blessing and the property; and in a short time marries a certain Mrs. Adah Shadwell, a widow, and kind of cousin to old Camden, as a still further safeguard against possible detection, and dead men turning up again to tell unpleasant tales. But he reckoned without Jock, and Jock reckoned without him. The rich man enters into a conspiracy with a certain Jew in Fennell Street, where Jock and little Edith live, gets him accused of robbery, with a facing of suspicious appearances to go on, and has him transported for fourteen years. In those days his crime would have been felony, and he would have been hanged. Then this sham Walter abducts little Edith, and places her at a milliner's in Oxford Street, where she works as her mother had worked before her. When Edith the second has grown up, she walks in Kensington Gardens with her young companions of the shop, and there sees Harry Shadwell, Adah's son and Joseph More's stepson. They fall in love at first sight, speak, and in a very short time come to the usual understanding—the whole incident repeating the mother's life. But the course of true love receives a minute check by reason of Harry becoming innocently mixed up in the Cato Street conspiracy, introduced for no earthly purpose but to show that Mr. Russell reads *Old Stories Retold in All the Year Round*. The end of all is that Jock the dwarf, and Joseph More the murderer, have a struggle by the side of the Serpentine, and that both tumble into the water together, and are drowned, locked in each other's arms. For which final deliverance from a badly-constructed nightmare let us be duly thankful.

The diction of this worthless book is on a par with the plot and characters. A place is "emburied," and "a pier projects itself"; young Walter, turning to read with his tutor, after having talked love-rubbish about Edith, says, "Come, let the Pierian spring overflow and drown her"; a man "consumes" his will, he does not destroy it; fishermen "engage themselves in the occupation of repairing their nets"; they all "fix their caps and hats on their heads"; and a countryman talks artistically of "rayther a broad loikeness." Then Mr. Russell has had the queer fancy to place his story so far back as 1800—the successive dates, as time and the tale go on, being always precisely marked; though there is no attempt at fidelity of costume, and nothing is gained in the way of plot or purpose. His portraiture of country life is something specially odd. Apparently he has never lived out of London or some large town, for his description of life at Sprayton would be absurd for even the present day, not to speak of sixty-seven years ago. His mistakes and anachronisms are endless. The sailors speak of the newcomers as "gents" and "coves"; geraniums grow in cottage gardens; the Sprayton dead are buried in the cemetery; girls talk of "chaffing" each other; fourpenny bits are afloat; circuses travel as they travel now; Norfolk Square is in existence; a man goes up to London from Sprayton and returns the same day; there is a double delivery of letters, and a house to house delivery by a foot-post, and Edith uses envelopes when she writes to Walter; a milliner's girl is called a "young lady," and girls go out to work at milliners' shops which display ready-made goods at the window hung upon skeleton blocks, as we see them now. In the small, secluded, seaside village of Sprayton, with its two taverns and its population of fishermen, half the people do not know the other half; and Edith pays fifteen shillings a week for board and lodging to the laundress who has brought her up, and composes music very prettily without knowing "sol" from "fa." And this is Mr. Clark Russell's idea of what a readable novel should be, and his contribution to the light literature of our much-enduring generation.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—On Monday Evening next, December 16, the Programme will include Beethoven's Quintet in E flat, for Flauto and Wind Instruments; Mozart's Sonata in A major, for Flauto and Violin; Handel's Suite de Pieces in E major (containing "The Harmonious Blacksmith"); for Flauto alone, &c. Recitatives, M.M. Charles Hallé, Violoncello, Lazarus, Barret, C. Harper, Winterbottom, L. Rice, Henry Blagrove, and Pique. Vocalist, Madame Sainton-Dubry. Soloists, &c. &c. Admission, 1s. Tickets and Programmes at Chappell & Co.'s, 30 New Bond Street.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, at 2 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five.—Admission, 1s. Gas on dark days.

WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

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ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON, 4 St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, Tuesday the 17th instant, at Eight p.m.

Papers to be read: "On the Stone Age of Denmark." By Mr. WILMOT ROSE, C.E. "Resemblance between certain Danish and Irish Forms of Flint Weapons." By Colonel A. LAKE FOX, F.S.A.

*Mr. ROSE'S Collection of Danish Stone Weapons, Implements, &c. may be seen at the Society's Rooms, from Twelve to Three daily, until the 21st instant.

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The Subscription closes on the 31st of December. Specimens of the Publications may be seen in the Rooms of the Society. Prospectuses, and Lists of Works on Sale, will be sent by post on application to the Secretary.

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UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—The following are the Dates at which the several EXAMINATIONS in the UNIVERSITY of LONDON for the Year 1868-69 will commence:

Matriculation Monday, January 13, and Monday, June 23, 1868; and Monday, January 11, 1869.

Bachelor of Arts First B.A., Monday, July 20.

Second B.A., Monday, October 26.

Branch I., Monday, June 1; Branch II., Monday, June 15.

Doctor of Literature First D.Lit., Monday, June 1.

Second D.Lit., Tuesday, October 13.

Scriptural Examinations Tuesday, November 17.

Doctor of Science First B.Sc., Monday, July 20.

Second B.Sc., Monday, October 26.

Doctor of Laws Within the first fourteen days of June.

Bachelor of Laws First La.B., Monday, July 20.

Second La.B., Friday, January 3, 1868.

Doctor of Laws (Under the New Regulations) Thursday, January 9, 1868.

(Under the Old Regulations) Within the first fourteen days of July.

Bachelor of Medicine Preliminary Scientific, Monday, July 20.

First M.B., Monday, July 27.

Second M.B., Monday, November 2.

Bachelor of Surgery Tuesday, November 24.

Master in Surgery Monday, November 23.

Doctor of Medicine Monday, November 23.

The Regulations relating to the above Examinations and Degrees may be obtained on application to "The Registrar of the University of London, 17 Savile Row, London, W."

December 12, 1867. WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., Registrar.

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By Order of the Trustees.

HENRY DAVIES, Clerk to the Trustees.

N.B. The School will Re-open, after Christmas Vacation, on Monday, the 2nd day of February, 1868.

Haverfordwest, November 22, 1867.

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